

PAUP-PUK-KEEWISS.

FROM "ALGIC RESEARCHES." BY H. ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT. 1839.

A MAN of large stature, and great activity of mind and body, found himself standing alone on a prairie. He thought to himself, "How came I here?" Are there no beings on this earth but myself? I must travel and see. I must walk till I find the abodes of men." So soon as his mind was made up, he set out, he knew not where, in search of habitations. No obstacles could divert him from his purpose. Neither prairies, rivers, woods, nor storms had the effect to daunt his courage or turn him back. After travelling a long time, he came to a wood, in which he saw decayed stumps of trees, as if they had been cut in ancient times, but no other traces of men. Pursuing his journey, he found more recent marks of the same kind; and after this, he came to fresh traces of human beings; first their footsteps, and then the wood they had cut, lying in heaps. Continuing on, he emerged towards dusk from the forest, and beheld at a distance a large village of high lodges, standing on rising ground. He said to himself, "I will arrive there on a run." Off he started with all his speed; on coming to the first large lodge, he jumped over it. Those within saw something pass over the opening, and then heard a thump on the ground.

"What is that?" they all said.

One came out to see, and invited him in. He found himself in company with an old chief and several men, who were seated in the lodge. Meat was set before him, after which the chief asked him where he was going, and what his name was. He answered, that he was in search of adventures, and his name was Paup-Puk-Keewiss. A stare followed.

"Paup-Puk-Keewiss!"* said one to another, and a general titter went round.

He was not easy in his new position; the village was too small to give him full scope for his powers, and after a short stay, he made up his mind to go farther, taking with him a young mau who had formed a strong attachment for him, and might serve him as his mesh-in-au-wa.† They set out together, and when his companion was fatigued with walking, he would show him a few tricks, such as leaping over trees, and turning round on one leg till he made the dust fly, by which he was mightily pleased, although it sometimes happened that the character of these tricks frightened him.

One day, they came to a very large village, where they were well received. After staying in it some time, they were informed of a number of manitoes who lived at a distance, and who made it a practice to kill all who came to their lodge. Attempts had been made to extirpate them, but the war-parties who went out for this purpose were always unsuccessful. Paup-puk-Keewiss determined to visit them, although he was advised not to do so.

* This word appears to be derived from the same root as *Paup-puk-te-nay*, a grasshopper, the inflection *tes* making it personal. The Indian idea is that of harum scarum. He is regarded as a foil to Manabozho, with whom he is frequently brought in contact in aboriginal story craft.

† This is an official who bears the pipe for the ruling chief, and is an inferior dignity in councils.

The chief warned him of the danger of the visit; but, finding him resolved,

"Well," said he, "if you will go, being my guest, I will send twenty warriors to serve you."

He thanked him for the offer. Twenty young men were ready at the instant, and they went forward, and in due time descried the lodge of the manitoes. He placed his friend and the warriors near enough to see all that passed, while he went alone to the lodge. As he entered, he saw five horrid-looking manitoes in the act of eating. It was the father and his four sons. They looked hideous; their eyes were swimming low in their heads, as if half starved. They offered him something to eat, which he refused.

"What have you come for?" said the old one.

"Nothing," Paup-Puk-Keewiss answered.

They all stared at him.

"Do you not wish to wrestle?" they all asked.

"Yes," he replied.

A hideous smile came over their faces.

"You go," they said to the eldest brother.

They got ready, and were soon clinched in each other's arms for a deadly throw. He knew their object—his death—his *flesh* was all they wanted, but he was prepared for them.

"Haw! haw!"* they cried, and soon the dust and dry leaves flew about as if driven by a strong wind.

The manito was strong, but Paup-Puk-Keewiss soon found that he could master him; and, giving him a trip, he threw him with a giant's force head foremost on a stone, and he fell like a puffed thing.

The brothers stepped up in quick succession, but he put a number of tricks in force, and soon the whole four lay bleeding on the ground. The old manito got frightened and ran for his life. Paup-Puk-Keewiss pursued him for sport; sometimes he was before him, sometimes flying over his head. He would now give him a kick, then a push or a trip, till he was almost exhausted. Meantime his friend and the warriors cried out, "Ha! ha! a! ha! ha! a! Paup-Puk-Keewiss is driving him before him." The manito only turned his head now and then to look back; at last, Paup-Puk-Keewiss gave him a kick on his back, and broke his back bone; down he fell, and the blood gushing out of his mouth prevented him from saying a word. The warriors piled all the bodies together in the lodge, and then took fire and burned them. They all looked with deep interest at the quantity of human bones scattered around.

Paup-Puk-Keewiss then took three arrows, and, after having performed a ceremony to the Great Spirit, he shot one into the air, crying, with a loud voice.

"You who are lying down, rise up, or you will be hit!" The bones all moved to one place. He shot the second arrow, repeating the same words, when each bone drew towards its fellow-bone; the third arrow brought forth to life the whole multi-

* This is a studied perversion of the interjection *Ho*. In another instance it is rendered *Hoka*.

tude of people who had been killed by the manitoes. Paup-Puk-Keewiss then led them to the chief of the village who had proved his friend, and gave them up to him. Soon after the chief came with his counsellors.

"Who is more worthy," said he, "to rule than you? You alone can defend them."

Paup-Puk-Keewiss thanked him, and told him he was in search of more adventures. The chief insisted. Paup-Puk-Keewiss told him to confer the chieftainship on his friend, who, he said, would remain while he went on his travels. He told them that he would, some time or other, come back and see them.

"Ho! ho! ho!" they all cried, "come back again and see us," insisting on it. He promised them he would, and then set out alone.

After travelling some time, he came to a large lake; on looking about, he discovered a very large otter on an island. He thought to himself, "His skin will make me a fine pouch," and immediately drew up, at long shots, and drove an arrow into his side. He waded into the lake, and with some difficulty dragged him ashore. He took out the entrails, and even then the carcass was so heavy that it was as much as he could do to drag it up a hill overlooking the lake. As soon as he got him up into the sunshine, where it was warm, he skinned him, and threw the carcass some distance, thinking the war-eagle would come, and he should have a chance to get his skin and feathers as head ornaments. He soon heard a rushing noise in the air, but could see nothing; by-and-by, a large eagle

was on his way, on the look-out for something new.

After walking a while he came to a lake, which flooded the trees on its banks; he found it was only a lake made by beavers. He took his station on the elevated dam, where the stream escaped, to see whether any of the beavers would show themselves. He soon saw the head of one peeping out of the water to see who disturbed them.

"My friend," said Paup-Puk-Keewiss, "could you not turn me into a beaver like yourself?" for he thought, if he could become a beaver, he would see and know how these animals lived.

"I do not know," replied the beaver; "I will go and ask the others."

Soon all the beavers showed their heads above the water, and looked to see if he was armed; but he had left his bow and arrows in a hollow tree, at a short distance. When they were satisfied, they all came near.

"Can you not, with all your united power," said he, "turn me into a beaver? I wish to live among you."

"Yes," answered their chief; "lie down;" and he soon found himself changed into one of them.

"You must make me *large*," said he; "*larger* than any of you."

"Yes, yes!" said they. "By-and-by, when we get into the lodge, it shall be done."

In they all dived into the lake; and, in passing large heaps of limbs and logs at the bottom, he asked the use of them; they answered, "It is for our winter's provisions." When they all got into



dropped, as if from the air, on the otter's carcass. He drew his bow, and the arrow passed through under both his wings. The bird made a convulsive flight upward with such force, that the heavy carcass (which was nearly as big as a moose) was borne up several feet. Fortunately, both claws were fastened deeply into the meat, the weight of which soon brought the bird down. He skinned him, crowned his head with the trophy, and next day

the lodge, their number was about one hundred. The lodge was large and warm.

"Now we will make you large," said they. "Will that do?" exerting their power.

"Yes," he answered, for he found he was ten times the size of the largest.

"You need not go out," said they. "We will bring your food into the lodge, and you will be our chief."

"Very well," Paup-Puk-Keewiss answered. He thought, "I will stay here and grow fat at their expense. But, soon after, one ran into the lodge out of breath, saying, "We are visited by Indians." All huddled together in great fear. The water began to lower, for the hunters had broken down the dam, and they soon heard them on the roof of the lodge, breaking it up. Out jumped all the beavers into the water, and so escaped. Paup-Puk-Keewiss tried to follow them; but, alas! they had made him so large that he could not creep out of the hole. He tried to call them back, but to no effect; he worried himself so much in trying to escape, that he looked like a bladder. He could not turn himself back into a man, although he heard and understood all the hunters said. One of them put his head in at the top of the lodge.

"Ty-au!" cried he; "Tut ty-au! Me-shau-mik—king of the beavers is in." They all got at him, and knocked his skull till it was as soft as his brains. He thought, as well as ever he did, although he was a beaver. Seven or eight of them then placed his body on poles and carried him home. As they went, he reflected in this manner: "What will become of me? my ghost or shadow will not die after they get me to their lodges." Invitations were immediately sent out for a grand feast. The women took him out into the snow to skin him; but, as soon as his flesh got cold, his *Jee-bi* went off.

Paup-Puk-Keewiss found himself standing near a prairie, having reassumed his mortal shape. After walking a distance, he saw a herd of elk feeding. He admired the apparent ease and enjoyment of their life, and thought there could be nothing pleasanter than the liberty of running about and feeding on the prairies. He asked them if they could not turn him into their shape.

"Yes," they answered, after a pause. "Get down on your hands and feet." And he soon found himself an elk.

"I want big horns, big feet," said he; "I wish to be very large."

"Yes! yes!" they said.

"There!" exerting their power; "are you big enough?"

"Yes!" he answered, for he saw that he was very large. They spent a good time in grazing and running. Being rather cold one day, he went into a thick wood for shelter, and was followed by most of the herd. They had not been long there before some elks from behind passed the others like a strong wind. All took the alarm, and off they ran, he with the rest.

"Keep out on the plains," they said.

But he found it was too late, as they had already got entangled in the thick woods. Paup-Puk-Keewiss soon smelt the hunters, who were closely following his trail, for they had left all the others and followed him. He jumped furiously, and broke down saplings in his flight, but it only served to retard his progress. He soon felt an arrow in his side; he jumped over trees in his agony, but the arrows clattered thicker and thicker upon his sides, and at last one entered his heart. He fell to the ground, and heard the whoop of triumph sounded by the hunters. On coming up, they looked on the carcass with astonishment, and with their hands up to their mouths exclaimed Ty-au! Ty-au! There were about sixty in the party, who had come out on a special hunt, as one of their number had, the

day before, observed his *large tracks* on the plains. After skinning him and his flesh getting cold, his *Jee-bi* took its flight from the carcass, and he again found himself in human shape, with a bow and arrows.

But his passion for adventure was not yet cooled; for, on coming to a large lake with a sandy beach, he saw a large flock of brant, and, speaking to them, asked them to turn him into a brant.

"Yes," they replied.

"But I want to be very large," he said.

"Very well," they answered; and he soon found himself a large brant, all the others standing gazing in astonishment at his large size.

"You must fly as leader," they said.

"No," answered Paup-Puk-Keewiss, "I will fly behind."

"Very well," they said. "One thing more we have to say to you. You must be careful, in flying, not to look down, for something may happen to you."

"Well! it is so," said he; and soon the flock rose up into the air, for they were bound north. They flew very fast, he behind. One day, while going with a strong wind, and as swift as their wings could flap, while passing over a large village, the Indians raised a great shout on seeing them, particularly on Paup-Puk-Keewiss's account, for his wings were broader than two large *aupukwa*.^{*} They made such a noise, that he forgot what had been told him, about looking down. They were now going as swift as arrows; and as soon as he brought his neck in and stretched it down to look at the shouters, his tail was caught by the wind, and over and over he was blown. He tried to right himself, but without success. Down, down he went, making more turns than he wished for, from a height of several miles. The first thing he knew was, that he was jammed into a large hollow tree. To get back or forward was out of the question, and there he remained till his brant life was ended by starvation. His *Jee-bi* again left the carcass, and he once more found himself in the shape of a human being.

Travelling was still his passion; and, while travelling, he came to a lodge in which were two old men with heads white from age. They treated him well, and he told them that he was going back to his village to see his friends and people. They said they would aid him, and pointed out the direction he should go; but they were deceivers. After walking all day, he came to a lodge looking very much like the first, with two old men in it with white heads. It was, in fact, the very same lodge, and he had been walking in a circle; but they did not deceive him, pretending to be strangers, and saying, in a kind voice, "We will show you the way." After walking the third day, and coming back to the same place, he found them out in their tricks, for he had cut a notch on the doorpost.

"Who are you," said he to them, "to treat me so?" and he gave one a kick and the other a slap, which killed them. Their blood flew against the rocks near the lodge, and this is the reason there are red streaks in them to this day. He then burned their lodge down, and freed the earth of two pretended good men, who were manitoes.

He then continued his journey, not knowing exactly which way to go. At last he came to a big

^{*} Mata.



lake. He got on the highest hill to try and see the opposite side, but he could not. He then made a canoe, and took a sail into the lake. On looking into the water, which was very clear, before he got to the abrupt depth, he saw the bottom covered with dark fishes, numbers of which he caught. This inspired him with a wish to return to his village and bring his people to live near this lake. He went on, and towards evening came to a large island, where he encamped and ate the fish he had speared.

Next day he returned to the main land, and, in wandering along the shore, he encountered a more powerful manito than himself, called Manabozho. He thought best, after playing him a trick, to keep out of his way. He again thought of returning to his village; and transforming himself into a partridge, took his flight towards it. In a short time he reached it, and his return was welcomed with feasting and songs. He told them of the lake and the fish, and persuaded them all to remove to it, as it would be easier for them to live there. He immediately began to remove them by short encampments, and all things turned out as he had said. They caught abundance of fish. After this, a messenger came for him in the shape of a bear, who said that their king wished to see him immediately at his village. Paup-Puk-Keewiss was ready in an instant; and, getting on the messenger's back, off he ran. Towards evening they went up a high mountain, and came to a cave where the bear-king lived. He was a very large person, and made him welcome by inviting him into his lodge. As soon as propriety allowed, he spoke, and said that he had sent for him on hearing that he was the chief who was moving a large party towards his hunting-grounds.

"You must know," said he, "that you have no right there. And I wish you would leave the country with your party, or else the strongest force will take possession."

"Very well," replied Paup-Puk-Keewiss. "So

be it." He did not wish to do any thing without consulting his people; and besides, he saw that the bear-king was raising a war-party. He then told him he would go back that night. The bear-king left him to do as he wished, but told him that one of his young men was ready at his command; and, immediately jumping on his back, Paup-Puk-Keewiss rode home. He assembled the village, and told the young men to kill the bear, make a feast of it, and hang the head outside the village, for he knew the bear spies would soon see it, and carry the news to their chief.

Next morning Paup-Puk-Keewiss got all his young warriors ready for a fight. After waiting one day, the bear-party came in sight, making a tremendous noise. The bear-chief advanced, and said that he did not wish to shed the blood of the young warriors; but that if he, Paup-Puk-Keewiss, consented, they two would have a race, and the winner should kill the losing chief, and all his young men should be slaves to the other. Paup-Puk-Keewiss agreed, and they ran before all the warriors. He was victor, and came in first; but, not to terminate the race too soon, he gave the bear-chief some specimens of his skill and swiftness, by forming eddies and whirlwinds with the sand, as he leaped and turned about him. As the bear-chief came up, he drove an arrow through him, and a great chief fell. Having done this, he told his young men to take all those blackfish (meaning the bears), and tie them at the door of each lodge, that they might remain in future to serve as servants.

After seeing that all was quiet and prosperous in the village, Paup-Puk-Keewiss felt his desire for adventure returning. He took a kind leave of his friends and people, and started off again. After wandering a long time, he came to the lodge of Manabozho, who was absent. He thought he would play him a trick, and so turned every thing in the lodge upside down, and killed his chickens. Now, Manabozho calls all the fowls of the air his chickens; and among the number was a raven, the meanest of birds, which Paup-Puk-Keewiss killed and hung up by the neck to insult him. He then went on till he came to a very high point of rocks running out into the lake, from the top of which he could see the country back as far as the eye could reach. While sitting there, Manabozho's mountain chickens flew round and past him in great numbers. So, out of spite, he shot them in great numbers, for his arrows were sure and the birds very plenty, and he amused himself by throwing the birds down the rocky precipice. At length a wary bird cried out, "Paup-Puk-Keewiss is killing us. Go and tell our father." Away flew a delegation of them, and Manabozho soon made his appearance on the plain below. Paup-Puk-Keewiss made his escape on the opposite side. Manabozho cried out from the mountain,

"The earth is not so large but I can get up to you." Off Paup-Puk-Keewiss ran, and Manabozho after him. He ran over hills and prairies with all his speed, but still saw his pursuer hard after him. He thought of this expedient. He stopped and climbed a large pine-tree, stripped it of all its green foliage, and threw it to the winds, and then went on. When Manabozho reached the spot, the tree addressed him,

"Great chief," said the tree, "will you give me my life again? Paup-Puk-Keewiss has killed me."

"Yes," replied Manabozho; and it took him some

time to gather the scattered foliage, and then renewed the pursuit. Paup-Puk-Keewiss repeated the same thing with the hemlock, and with various other trees, for Manabozho would always stop to restore what he had destroyed. By this means he got in advance; but Manabozho persevered, and was fast overtaking him, when Paup-Puk-Keewiss happened to see an elk. He asked him to take him on his back, which the elk did, and for some time he made great progress, but still Manabozho was in sight. Paup-Puk-Keewiss dismounted, and, coming to a large sandstone rock, he broke it in pieces and scattered the grains. Manabozho was so close upon him at this place that he had almost caught him; but the foundation of the rock cried out,

"Haye! Ne-me-sho, Paup-Puk-Keewiss has spoiled me. Will you not restore me to life?"

"Yes," replied Manabozho; and he restored the rock to its previous shape. He then pushed on in the pursuit of Paup-Puk-Keewiss, and had got so near as to put out his arm to seize him; but Paup-Puk-Keewiss dodged him, and immediately raised such a dust and commotion by whirlwinds as made the trees break, and the sand and leaves dance in the air. Again and again, Manabozho's hand was put out to catch him; but he dodged him at every turn, and kept up such a tumult of dust, that in the thickest of it, he dashed into a hollow tree which had been blown down, and changed himself into a snake, and crept out at the roots. Well that he did; for at the moment he had got out, Manabozho, who is Ogee-bau-ge-mon,* struck it with his power, and it was in fragments. Paup-Puk-Keewiss was again in human shape; again Manabozho pressed him hard. At a distance, he saw a very high bluff of rock jutting out into the lake, and ran for the

foot of the precipice, which was abrupt and elevated. As he came near, the local manito of the rock opened his door, and told him to come in. The door was no sooner closed, than Manabozho knocked.

"Open it!" he cried, with a loud voice.

The manito was afraid of him, but he said to his guest,

"Since I have sheltered you, I would sooner die with you than open the door."

"Open it!" Manabozho again cried.

The manito kept silent. Manabozho, however, made no attempt to open it by force. He waited a few moments. "Very well," he said; "I give you only till night to live." The manito trembled, for he knew he would be shut up under the earth.

Night came. The clouds hung low and black, and every moment the forked lightning would flash from them. The black clouds advanced slowly, and threw their dark shadows afar, and behind there was heard the rumbling noise of the coming thunder. As they came near to the precipice, the thunders broke, the lightning flashed, the ground shook, and the solid rocks split, tottered, and fell. And under their ruins were crushed the mortal bodies of Paup-Puk-Keewiss and the manito.

It was only then that Paup-Puk-Keewiss found he was really dead. He had been killed in different animal shapes; but now his body, in human shape, was crushed. Manabozho came and took their Jee-bi-ug or spirits.

"You," said he to Paup-Puk-Keewiss, "shall not be again permitted to live on the earth. I will give you the shape of the war-eagle, and you will be the chief of all fowls, and your duty shall be to watch over their destinies."

MY FIRST PUNCH.

BY WILLIAM E. BURTON. 1839.

I SHALL never forget my first punch. I had, at the age of seventeen, occasionally "drank of the wine of the vine benign," but punch had been a forbidden draught, an unattainable desire. In Francesco Redi's beautiful dithyrambic, "Bacco in Toscana," or rather the translation in Leigh Hunt's own janty manner, are a few lines describing most accurately my sensations under my first punch:

When I feel it gurgling, murmuring
Down my throat and my esophagus,
Something, and I know not what,
Strangely tickleth my sarcophagus.
Something easy of perception,
But by no means of description.

I was sent, when scarcely seventeen, on a visit to my maternal uncle, who was quietly nibbling "the remainder biscuit" of his life in indolence and ease, not many miles from the rectilinear city. He had formerly been captain of a privateer, and but a few years have elapsed since his flag-staff stood perpendicularly proud on the margin of the Schuylkill, in the centre of a little mound which knobbed the end of the green slope or strip of lawn leading from the river to the dwelling-house. On the anniversary of the declaration, the enemy's evacuation,

capitulation, and subjugation, the old hero gave the bunting to the breeze; and the floating of the federated stars in the morning air, gave the neighborhood a goodly token of a holiday.

"It is not good for a man to be alone," saith the Psalmist, and my relative, with a marvellous propensity to match-making, endeavored to impress the truth of the above axiom upon the minds of all his neighbors and friends who had not disposed of their "unhoused, free condition." He was not backward in espousing the principles he professed; he was the jolly widower of a third wife, and openly avowed his intention of completing the connubial quartette. His inquisitorial optics had discovered a fitting object in the person of a young widow who resided *vis-à-vis* to my uncle, but preferred a *tête-à-tête* with a dashing major, who was many years my uncle's junior. So desirous was he that every body within his vortex should be mated, that he compelled an ancient Hungarian, who officiated as gardener, to marry his Scotch housekeeper; they disagreed, of course, and the locality was daily rife with rows in broken English, and Celtic and Slavonian guttural grumblings.

My uncle was an unwelcome visitor, generally, at the houses of his acquaintances. The old people feared his hymeneal propensities, and the young dis-

* A species of lightning.

liked his system of interference in all love matters. A shot in the knee proved the prowess of an offended father, who had challenged my match-making nunkey for harboring his daughter, who, at my relative's instigation, wedded herself to poverty and wretchedness, in the shape of a peripatetic lecturer on astronomy, whose stock in trade consisted of a broken orrery, two handsome legs, half a microscope, a smooth discourse, a magic lantern, and an unquenchable thirst.

The bullet gave my uncle a halt in his walk, but did not impede his progress in connubialization. Even the animals about his grounds were paired, and a stupid old goose, who pined after her gander that had been worried by a mastiff, and refused to mate again, was hung out of hand, as a sacrifice to Hymen and my uncle's whim.

"Well, Frank," said my uncle, on my arrival, "I guess you found the wind rather cool on your weather quarter this raw day. The little bay pony holds her own well—a good little craft, well-timbered, and sails free. Belay there with the rattlin of that curtain; trice it up a trifle higher, that as I sit here I may see if Major Dobkins fires his usual evening salute at widow Brown's door. I rather think there's something in the wind there, for he cut his stick at seven bells, instead of stopping well on to the middle watch. If there should be a screw loose, and he be turned out of the service, I'll tip the widow a broadside myself this very night. Now come to an anchor alongside here—no, no; slew more to the starboard, for I want to put my game leg on that stool. That will do. Now, then, how old are you?"

"Seventeen, next month," said I, timidly.

"Why, what a lazy loblolly boy you must be, not to think of getting spliced before this."

"Getting what, uncle?"

"Spliced. Splicing, sir, is joining the fag ends of two useless ropes into one, and making useful what otherwise would have been expended as old oakum. A good splice is the pride of an old sailor's heart."

"What useless piece of old rope do you wish to splice me to, sir?"

"No grinning or sneering here, you young powder-monkey! Have you tumbled into love yet?"

"In love!—oh no, sir," said I with a bashful chuckle.

"Then fall in, directly, d'ye hear? You know Epsy Parbar?"

"What, that tall, ugly gawky?"

"Who said she was pretty? Ugly women make the best wives. My first rib looked like an old Creek squaw with the small-pox, yet she was the best of the lot."

"But Miss Epsy is antique enough to be my mother," said I, most valiantly.

"Better able to look after such a child as you, and convoy you safe across the troubled sea of life. My little woman, who has just gone to Davy's locker, was not older than you are now when we got spliced, and I guess that Miss Epsy has not been rated on the ship's books of life so long as I have."

"But, my dear uncle——"

"No palaver, or I'll mast-head you. You are my heir, you know. I've had three wives, but no chicks; I'm not so old a rooster but I can mate again, and then, perhaps, a chickabiddy of my own may knock you off your perch. If you pair off with Epsy, I'll do the handsome thing by you, even if I

should couple again the following week. So, leave off twiddling your thumbs, and stretch away for Epsy's house, and fall in love directly. I've telegraphed her of your intention; she expects your arrival; go and report yourself; come back in the evening to me, and I will brew you a stiff north-wester, and spin you a yarn over our cigars."

Like an obedient child, I sallied forth, and prepared to execute the commands of my dictatorial uncle. Had remonstrances been likely to succeed, I was unable to offer any, so completely did his assumption of authority deter me from daring to dispute even the propriety of his wish. I was the only son of a widowed mother, who was merely existing on the remains of her husband's effects. My uncle had signified his intention of leaving me the bulk of his property, and I knew that the slightest infraction of his orders would totally exclude me from his will and walls.

I found my intended bride even more disagreeable than I had pictured her in my mind. Her small ferret eyes were deeply set in a little bullet-shaped head, which surmounted her long scraggy throat. Her nose was of that shape familiarly termed ace-of-clubs, and seemed absolutely turning itself up in disgust at the aperture underneath it, called in courtesy, a mouth—an immense orifice, garnished with two or three grave-stone looking teeth; while down the "bear and yellow" cheeks several rat-tail, lanky twists of hair were dangling in melancholy limberness, but in the nearest approach to a curl that Epsy could persuade them to assume.

Peu de gens savent être vieux. Miss Parbar had been so long making up her mind to own to thirty, that she had passed forty at a hand gallop, and was still careering most joyously on her way.

Dressed in a studied deshabille, and shaking back the elfish love-locks which adorned

The time-worn temples of that ancient land,

my lengthy love received me with an affectation of maiden timidity, peeping at me through the fingers of the hand with which she shaded her pig's twinklers, and speaking in a girlish treble with much simpering and giggling.

Ladies, if I have rudely delineated this unit of your species, impute it to the anti-erasable depth of my despair—to a devoted veneration, a passionate respect for all your fascinating sex; a respect which this *Medusan Venus* was endeavoring to subvert in its infancy, by proving that there did exist one woman in this world whom it was possible to hate!

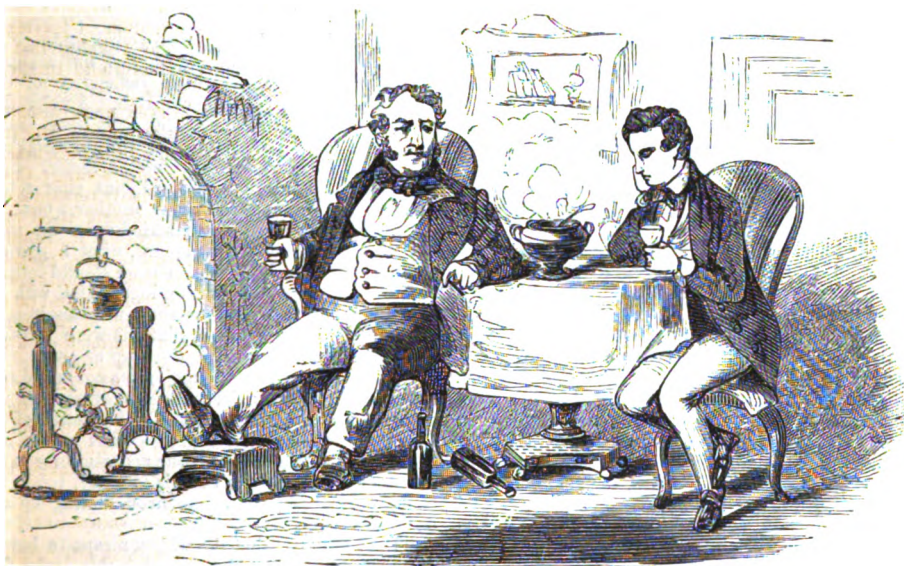
I was not in love, as I had truly told my uncle; but like every enthusiastic lad of seventeen, I had pictured to myself an ideality of beauty, grace, and youth, which I expected some day to find perfected, when I should kneel, and instantly adore. But when I gazed upon the unlovable creature before me, and observed her uncouth, and, for an old lady, indelicate behavior, my heart sunk within me, and I felt like a poor toad that had timidly ventured out to bask in the sunshine of a fine spring morning, and was suddenly crushed by the hoof of some heedless ploughman passing by.

After spending an hour in simpering out the usual imbecilities, I bade my ancient fair adieu. It was early evening, the sky was radiant with life and loveliness; the cold north wind whistled through the leafless boughs, and the slight crispness of an incipient frost crackled beneath my feet. I drew my cloak tight around me, and strode lustily on; but I

was chilled to the heart—wretchedness and disgust were fighting for my soul, and not a single star shot a ray of hope through the Cimmerian darkness that “blanketed” my mind. My uncle was despotic—I dare not contradict him—and yet submission and despair were one. The thought of a leap into a clear stream that gently gurgled past me flashed upon my mind, but I was too young, too full of life; hope indeed seemed hopeless, but one soft, melting thought of home, and an involuntary upspringing of that elasticity of mind which belongs alone to youth, turned my ideas, and I entered my uncle’s house resolved to suffer all.

cream. Never put any of the juice or body of the lemon in whiskey punch, and the peel must be as free from the pith as possible. A spoonful of ice-cream gives a nice flavor to a pitcher of punch, and a few drops of oil of cloves or extract of bitter almonds impart a strange and spicy taste; but I prefer my punch as Falstaff did his sack, ‘simple of itself.’ There, taste that.”

I was cold, cheerless, and obedient. A large portion of the steaming fluid speedily vanished, and for the first time I was made acquainted with the glorious attributes of punch. The genial liquor diffused a grateful warmth throughout my frame, my senses



I found him sitting over a blazing wood fire, the kettle singing merrily on the Franklin, and the table spread with cigars, and the delicious paraphernalia of punch.

“Well, Frank, just in time; I’ve stowed away a couple of horns in my hold; mix yourself a glass, and report progress.”

“I—I cannot mix.”

“What! not mix? not brew punch?”

“No, sir; nor did I ever drink any.”

“Whew! but true, true; where the devil should you get punch! brought up at your mother’s apron string, and treated with cider and sour beer, mush-and-milk, and molasses candy. Punch is a tippie fit for men; see me brew, and learn the art. First, never brew more than you can drink while it is hot, for though punch improves by standing a short time, it is worth nothing cold. Rub half a dozen good-sized lumps of sugar on the outside of the lemon, then pare off the peel so rubbed, put it with the sugar into the pitcher, and pour over it about a wine-glass full of hot water; incorporate them—dash in a tumbler full of whiskey—real Irish; nothing else—and fill up with the boiling water, to within an inch of the brim. There, stir the ingredients well together, and then let the pitcher stand on the stove for a minute or two. Always observe, in whiskey punch, that the water must be boiling; in ‘Rack Punch’ it is vice versa, or it will not

quicken, my heart beat with an assured and strengthened pulse, my imagination seemed bursting with conceits, my tongue ran glibly, and for the first time I possessed sufficient confidence to look my dreaded uncle in the face.

“Capital stuff,” said I, gasping for breath.

“Put down the tumbler, Frank: pretty well for the first pull. Little boats must be kept near the shore. You found Epsy, as usual, moored stem and stern—make a good wife—no gadding. Mother Brown, over the way, has given me the slip; that privateering major has cut her out from under my very guns, or rather cut me out, and takes command of the prize craft next week, I’m told.”

My brain, under the influence of the punch, instantly conceived a project of deliverance from the hated marriage. Suffering my uncle to run on with his complaints, I had time to mature my plan, and a few more sips of punch gave me courage to execute it.

“Curse that ungrateful woman over the way!—a regular built fire-ship! I gave her a spaniel slut last week to match her favorite dog, and sent to Philadelphia for a couple of hen canaries for wives to that yellow little fellow in the cage there. Did I not marry her niece off her hands?—and though her rib did cut his cable in a month afterwards, that was no fault of mine. Did I not get her favorite housemaid a husband?—a sailor, too; none of

your fresh-water swabs, or duck-pond dandies, but a real blue-jacket, with a pair of whiskers as big as shoe-brushes. I should like to have spliced the widow, I must say; because her big Dutch coachman will not marry, do all I can; but if I had the command of him, he should wed in a week or clear out."

"What a triumph for the major!" said I, with a sigh.

"Well, never mind; we have emptied the pitcher, so try your hand now at brewage. Punch is the real cordial balm of Gilead, the elixir vitæ—my pargorie, my carminative, my soothing syrup, my panacea. *Not too much sugar, Frank.* When I lost my first ship, a pitcher or two of punch cured my tantrums. I have had three wives—*enough acid there for a half a dozen, Frank*—and when my first wife, who had bellows strong enough to hail the main-top in a white squall—when she began firing her heavy metal at me, I gave her a broadside of punch, steaming hot; then boarded her in the smoke, and always made her strike her flag. *Plenty of spirit, Frank, for both of us.* My second rib was fat and lazy, bluff built and round, like a Dutch skipper; nothing roused her but a sup of punch. *Stir it up well, my boy.* The third and last was young and spry, and followed me about like a tame goat; couldn't stand that—so, when I wanted a sly cruise, I used to bouse up her jib with a couple of horns, and then sail where I pleased. I have seen three of them go down—how many more there may be, I can't say, but the more the merrier—*fill up my tumbler as full as you can.* Punch is just like wedlock—mix the ingredients well together, and you make very pretty tiddle; disproportion the arrangement, or jumble the mixing, and the opposite tastes appear. Too much sugar cloyes, the acid sets your teeth on edge, the spirit affects your head, or you get the water on your brain. Some drink it too soon, and burn their mouths; others wait till it is cold, and all the flavor gone."

"The widow over the way seems something in a hurry for her second drink," said I, taking another sip. "It must be very galling to your feelings—a veteran in the matrimonial service like you, to be beaten by a raw recruit."

"That's it—a gun boat, a scow to outsail a liner! it's more than I can swallow," said my uncle, emptying his tumbler.

"Your laurels are stripped from your brow, certainly; and you must henceforth wear the willow. The laugh will be strong against you, I am afraid."

"Ay, curse them! How they will chuckle and grin on the wedding-day!"

"It would turn the laugh on your side, and show how little you feel the loss of the widow, if you could but get married first," said I, plumping in my long shot.

"So it would, Frank. Right, right; but where the d— am I to get a wife? I have spliced every body together that I could get at. There are but three single women in the neighborhood—the widow, Epsy, and the yellow girl at the doctor's."

"A very nice girl she is, too," said I, in all the pertness of punch.

"Mix me another pitcher, your amalgamating swab, and don't be impudent. As you say though, if I could but sail into the port of wedlock before her, it would be a great victory."

"The only thing to save your reputation, uncle—if you could but get some one to have you. I would

give you up any body but Epsy; but, really, I have taken so strong an interest in her—"

"Epsy? ay, true—you like her, eh?"

"How could I help it? I listened with delight to her sweet-toned voice, as she prattled in praise of my dear uncle."

"Eh! what? praise me?"

"I never heard a woman so eloquent. Indeed, she spoke more tenderly about you than I approved; and when she is my wife, I shall have to take care of my insinuating uncle."

"She is a fine frigate—rather too sharp-built about the bows, but with a clean run abaft. She wants fresh rigging, though, and ought to be well manned."

"Ah, uncle, you have proved your love in giving me so great a prize—not a giddy girl, but a steady experienced woman, with a sufficiency of this world's wealth to justify the match. A prize that all the young fellows of her day have been unable to obtain. Then, too, how delightful the neighborhood!—so close to my dear uncle's house. Epsy tells me that her peach orchard joins your seven-acre lot. If you could but find another woman as desirable as Epsy, and be married upon the same day with your too happy nephew, what a glorious quadrangular batch of beatitude we should form."

My uncle gave the burning logs a kick with his sound leg, and remained for some minutes in quiet cogitation. I knew that my intents were thriving, but I resolved to give them the *coup de grace*.

"Epsy tells me that the major is a conceited coxcomb, and offered to back his chance against you with the widow at two to one. The honor of the family is positively at stake. What a pity that there is no single lady of your acquaintance in the neighborhood—and the time is so short, too."

My uncle rose, and commenced halting up and down the room.

"Epsy tells me that the widow means to have a splendid day of it. She says that this is the first wedding, about here, for six years, in which you have not been concerned."

This was a clincher, and brought him up all standing, as he would have said. He stopped right opposite to me, and filling up my tumbler, said, in a low, gentle tone of voice: "I had no idea you were so smart a lad; I never heard you talk so well before. I have a little commission for you to execute in New York—some private business, requiring peculiar address. I shall get your despatches ready to-night, and you must heave and away by day-break. Finish your punch; go down and see your pony fed, and then turn into your hammock."

"Go to-morrow, sir? But Epsy, my dear Epsy—"

"I will see her in the morning, and make your excuses. You will have to stop at New York for a couple of weeks; here's an L for your expenses. Do not leave your moorings there till I write to you. Good night; get your traps together, and I'll meet you at breakfast about eight bells."

My trip to New York was to take a letter to an old friend of my uncle; it could as well have gone by post, but I knew his meaning, and was but too glad to see him fall so readily into my trap.

In a few days I received the following letter:

"DEAR NEPHEW:—I have just turned your wife that was to have been into your aunt that is—I beg your pardon for marrying your intended without



letting you know; but, as you said, the honor of the family was concerned. We were spliced together more than ten minutes before the widow and her chum, so the major did not take precedence of the captain. Old Joe fired the pattereroes and gave the bunting a fly. I had ship's allowance on the lawn for all who liked to stop in; and black Sam came down with his bugle, and kept tootleloeing all day. We drove the enemy away before dinner. I never shall forget their looks as they galloped off. I will bet drinks they quarrelled before bed-time. I should have liked you to have been there, but it

would not have been decent. Do not be dull; I will pick you a rib before long. Cruise about till my honeymoon is over; and then let me see you again. I have enclosed something for a new outfit, and your aunt sends her love, and thinks you had better go and see your mother.

Your affectionate uncle,
JABEZ SPRIGGS."

Have I not reason to bless the operant powers of
MY FIRST PUNCH?

THE ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.

BY J. P. INGRAHAM. 1839.

"I HAVE earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!" I exclaimed, with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours—I was penning "an article" for a certain "monthly," dear reader—pushed my closely written manuscripts from me, and complacently took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I have made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant cap for the manly castor. Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked! and now I can conscientiously take a little "ease in mine inn!" Whereupon, I ignited my cigar with a self-enkindling apparatus, a gift from my considerate landlady—pray heaven she charge it not in her bill—to save her candles, and ascending the three steps to my window, I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith began to speculate on things external. It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels in Broadway beneath me was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages!

The happy, the gallant, the beautiful, were all forth to take the air on the fashionable evening drive! Why was I not with the cavalcade! Where was my Rosinante? Where was my "establishment?" Echo answered "where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and, blessed soother of the troubled, oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned.

Diagonally opposite to my window, stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades. This edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to relate, for it is a nouvelle in itself. I can unveil you the mystery, lady!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for aught I know to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was

seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surprising loveliness. Every evening, I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-liner, aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents? No! I worshipped like the publican, afar off. "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well bred woman of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure, and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through "plate glass!" Involuntarily, he drew in his spirited horse, and raised his hat! The action, the manner, and the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment, the hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment, he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening, the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street-door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment—(some men surely are born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others)—the stranger rode up, bowed with ineffable grace and—(blessed encounter that, with the omnibus wheel)—his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and, in a few seconds, the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this, reader! All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed. The "lady's" carriage—(it was a landau, and the top was thrown back)—came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dis-

mounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the *pavé*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage. One evening, they were unusually late on their return. Finally, the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn the equestrian was not the stranger! No! he dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this *amour* for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o'clock, P. M., I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico—pulled at the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to admit the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment, he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! Sir—would that I had language to paint you the scene! Lady—I then learned the "art of love!" I shall have confidence, I have so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration! The declaration, the confession, the acceptance, all passed beneath me most edifyingly. Then came the *labial seal* that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see he was urging her to some sudden step. She, at first, appeared reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. In ten minutes, the landau was at the door. They came out arm in arm, and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman, "drive to St. John's Church." "An elopement!" thought I. "Having been in at breaking cover, I will be in at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of insurance upon my life in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal street! I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the "happy pair," already joined together, were just crossing the *trottoir* to re-enter it! The grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, followed them!

The next day, about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls, then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again," exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. *There was a scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him! "You sha'n't!"—"I will!"—"I say you sha'n't!"—"I say I will!"—were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who in the devil's name are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law!"

"The devil you have! and *who* may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L——y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir!"

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand, his lovely bride, who had come imploringly forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter!"

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterward, a hack drove to the servants' hall door, and my heroine came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw



his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery! Henceforth, dear reader, I most conscientiously eschew matrimony.

ODE TO BOGLE.

Dedicated, with permission, and a Pinch of Mint-Stick, to Mela D—, aged Four Years.

BY NICHOLAS BIDDLE. 1840.

Of Browns and of Bogilis ful is this buke.—GAWIN DOUGLAS.

BOGLE! not he whose shadow flies
Before a frightened Scotchman's eyes,
But thou of Eighth near Sampson—thou
Colorless color'd man, whose brow
Unmoved the joys of life surveys,
Untouched the gloom of death displays;
Reckless if joy or grief prevail,
Stern, multifarious BOGLE, hail!

Hail may'st thou Bogle, for thy reign
Extends o'er nature's wide domain,
Begins before our earliest breath,
Nor ceases with the hour of death:
Scarce seems the blushing maiden wed,
Unless thy care the supper spread;
Half christened only were that boy,
Whose heathen squalls our ears annoy,
If, supper finished, cakes and wine
Were given by any hand but thine;
And Christian burial e'en were scant,
Unless his aid the Bogle grant.
Lover of poms! the dead might rise,
And feast upon himself his eyes,
When marshalling the black array,
Thou rul'st the sadness of the day;

Teaching how grief should be genteel,
And legatees should seem to feel,
Death's seneschal! 'tis thine to trace
For each his proper look and place,
How aunts should weep, where uncles stand,
With hostile cousins, hand in hand,
Give matchless gloves, and fitly shape
By length of face and length of crape.
See him erect, with lofty tread,
The dark scarf streaming from his head,
Lead forth his groups in order meet,
And range them, grief-wise in the street;
Presiding o'er the solemn show,
The very Chesterfield of woe.
Evil to him should bear the pall,
Yet comes too late or not at all;
Woe to the mourner who shall stray
One inch beyond the trim array;
Still worse, the kinsman who shall move,
Until thy signal voice approve.

Let widows, anxious to fulfil,
(For the first time,) the dear man's will,
Lovers and lawyers ill at ease,
For bliss defer'd, or loss of fees,

Or heirs impatient of delay,
 Chafe inly at his formal stay ;
 The Bogle heeds not ; firm and true,
 Resolved to give the dead his due,
 No jot of honor will he bate,
 Nor stir towards the church-yard gate,
 Till the last parson is at hand,
 And every bat has got its band.
 Before his stride the town gives way—
 Beggars and belles confess his sway ;
 Drays, prudes, and sweeps, a startled mass,
 Rein up to let his cortège pass,
 And Death himself, that ceaseless dun,
 Who waits on all, yet waits for none,
 Rebuked beneath his haughty tone,
 Scarce dares to call his life his own.

Nor less, stupendous man ! thy power,
 In festal than in funeral hour,
 When gas and beauty's blended rays
 Set hearts and ball-rooms in a blaze ;
 Or spermaceti's light reveals
 More 'inward bruises' than it heals ;
 In flames each belle her victim kills,
 And 'sparks fly upward' in quadrilles ;
 Like iceberg in an Indian clime,
 Refreshing Bogle breathes sublime,
 Cool airs upon that sultry stream,
 From Roman punch or frosted cream.

From Chapman's self some eye will stray
 To rival charms upon thy tray,
 Which thou dispensest with an air,
 As life or death depended there.
 Wo for the luckless wretch, whose back
 Has stood against a window crack,
 And then impartial, cool'st in turn
 The youth whose love and Lehigh burn.
 On Johnson's smooth and placid mien
 A quaint and fitful smile is seen ;
 O'er Shepherd's pale romantic face,
 A radiant simper we may trace ;
 But on the Bogle's steadfast cheek,
 Lugubrious thoughts their presence speak.
 His very smile, serenely stern,
 As lighted lachrymary urn.
 In church or state, in bower and hall,
 He gives with equal face to all :
 The wedding cake, the funeral crape,
 The mourning glove, the festal grape ;
 In the same tone when crowds disperse,
 Calls Powell's hack, or Carter's hearse ;
 As gently grave, as sadly grim,
 At the quick waltz as funeral hymn.

Thou social Fabius ! since the day
 When Rome was saved by wise delay,
 None else has found the happy chance,
 By always waiting, to advance.



So, sadly social, when we flee
 From milky talk and watery tea,
 To dance by inches in that strait
 Betwixt a side-board and a grate,
 With rug uplift, and blower tight,
 'Gainst that foul fire-fiend, anthracite,
 Then Bogle o'er the weary hours
 A world of sweets incessant showers,
 Till, blest relief from noise and foam,
 The farewell pound-cake warns us home,
 Wide opens the crowd to let thee pass,
 And hails the music of thy glass.
 Drowning all other sounds, e'en those
 From Bollman or Sigoigne that rose ;

Let time and tide, coquettes so rude,
 Pass on, yet hope to be pursued,
 Thy gentler nature waits on all ;
 When parties rage, on thee they call,
 Who seek no office in the state,
 Content, while others push, to wait.

Yet, (not till Providence bestowed
 On Adam's sons McAdam's road,)
 Unstumbling foot was rarely given
 To man nor beast when quickly driven
 And they do say, but this I doubt,
 For seldom he lets things leak out,

They do say, ere the dances close,
His, too, are 'light fantastic toes';
Oh, if this be so, Bogle! then
How are we served by serving men!
A waiter by his weight forsaken!
An undertaker—overtaken!

L'ENVOI.

META! thy riper years may know
More of this world's fantastic show;

In thy time, as in mine, shall be,
Burials and pound-cake, beaux and tea,
Rooms shall be hot, and ices cold;
And flirts be both, as 't was of old;
Love, too, and mint-stick shall be made,
Some dearly bought, some lightly weighed;
As true the hearts, the forms as fair,
And equal joy and grace be there,
The smile as bright, as soft the ogle
But never—never such a Bogle!

THE LAZY CROW.

A Story of the Cornfield.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS. 1840.

WE were on the Savannah river when the corn was coming up; at the residence of one of those planters of the middle country, the staid, sterling, old time gentlemen of the last century, the stock of which is so rapidly diminishing. The season was advanced and beautiful; the flowers every where in odor, and all things promised well for the crops of the planter. Hopes and seed, however, set out in March and April, have a long time to go before ripening, and when I congratulated Mr. Carrington on the prospect before him, he would shake his head, and smile and say, in a quizzical inquiring humor, "wet or dry, cold or warm, which shall it be? what season shall we have? Tell me that, and I will hearken with more confidence to your congratulations. We can do no more than plant the seed, scuffle with the grass, say our prayers, and leave the rest to Him without whose blessing no labor can avail."

"There is something more to be done, and of scarcely less importance it would seem, if I may judge from the movements of Scipio—kill or keep off the crows."

Mr. Carrington turned as I spoke these words; we had just left the breakfast table, where we had enjoyed all the warm comforts of hot rice-waffles, journey-cake, and glowing biscuit, not to speak of hominy and hoe-cake, without paying that passing acknowledgment to dyspeptic dangers upon which modern physicians so earnestly insist. Scipio, a sleek, well-fed negro, with a round, good-humored face, was busy in the corner of the apartment; one hand employed in grasping a goodly fragment of bread, half-concealed in a similar slice of bacon, which he had just received from his young mistress;—while the other carefully selected from the corner, one of half-a-dozen double-barrelled guns, which he was about to raise to his shoulder, when my remark turned the eye of his master upon him.

"How now, Scipio, what are you going to shoot?" was the inquiry of Mr. Carrington.

"Crow, sa; dere's a d—n ugly crow dat's a troubling me, and my heart's set for kill 'um."

"One only? why Scip, you're well off if you hav'n't a hundred. Do they trouble you very much in the pine land field?"

"Dare's a plenty, sa; but dis one I guine kill, sa, he's wuss more nor all de rest. You hab good load in bot' barrel, massa?"

"Yes, but small shot only. Draw the load, Scip, and put in some of the high duck; you'll find the bag in the closet. These crows will hardly let you

get nigh enough, Scipio, to do them any mischief with small shot."

"Ha! but I will trouble dis black rascal, you see, once I set eye 'pon um. He's a d—n ugly nigger, and he a'n't feared. I can git close 'nough, massa."

The expression of Scipio's face, while uttering the brief declaration of war against the innumerable, and almost licensed pirates of the cornfield, or rather against one in particular, was full of the direst hostility. His accents were not less marked by malignity, and could not fail to command our attention.

"Why, you seem angry about it, Scipio; this crow must be one of the most impudent of his tribe, and a distinguished character."

"I'll 'stinguish um, massa,—you'll see. Jist as you say, he's a mos' impudent nigger. He no feared of me 'tall. When I stan' and look 'pon him, he stan' and look 'pon me. I tak' up dirt and stick, and throw at um, but he no scare. When I chase um, he fly dis way, he fly dat, but he nebber gone so far, but he can turn round and cock he tail at me, jist when he see me stop. He's a mos' d—n sassy crow, as ebber walk in a cornfield."

"But Scipio, you surprise me. You don't mean to say that it is one crow in particular that annoys you in this manner."

"De same one, ebbery day, massa; de same one,"—was the reply.

"How long has this been?"

"Mos' a week now, massa; ebber since las' Friday."

"Indeed! but what makes you think this troublesome crow always the same one, Scipio? Do you think the crows never change their spies?"

"Goly, I know um, massa; dis da same crow been trouble me, ebber since las' Friday. He's a crow by hese'f, massa. I nebber see him wid t'oder crows; he no hab complexion of t'oder crow, yet he's crow, all de same."

"Is he not black, like all his tribe?"

"Yes, he black, but he ain't black like de oder ones. Dere's someting like a gray dirt 'pon he wing. He's black, but he no glose black—no jet;—he hab dirt, I tell you, massa, on he wing, jis' by de skirt ob de jacket—jis' here;" and he lifted the lappet of his master's coat, as he concluded his description of the bird that troubled him.

"A strange sort of crow indeed, Scipio, it he answers your description. Should you kill him, be sure and bring him to me. I can scarcely think him a crow."

"How, no crow, massa? Goly, I know crow good as any body. He's a crow, massa,—a dirty, black nigger of a crow, and I'll shoot um through he head, sure as a gun. He trouble me too much; look hard 'pon me as if you hab bin gib um wages for obersee. Nobody ax um for watch me, see wha' I do! Who mak' him oberseer?"

"A useful crow, Scipio; and now I think of it, it might be just as well that you shouldn't shoot him. If he does such good service in the cornfield as to see that you all do your work, I'll make him my overseer in my absence!"

This speech almost astounded the negro. He dropped the butt of the gun upon the floor, suffered the muzzle to rest in the hollow of his arm, and thus boldly expostulated with his master against so strange a decision.

"No shoot um, massa? no shoot crow dat's a-troubling you? Dickens, massa, but dat's too fool-ish now, I mus' tell you; and to tell you de blessed trut', if you don't shoot dis lazy crow I tell you ob, or le' me shoot um, one or t'oder, den you mus' take Scip out of de cornfiel', and put 'n oder nigger in he place. I can't work wid dat ugly ting, looking at me so sassy. When I turn, he turn; if I go to dis hand, why, he's dere; if I change 'bout, and go t'oder hand, dere's de critter, jis de same. He nebber git out of de way, 'til I run at um wid a stick."

"Well, well, Scipio, kill your crow, but be sure and bring him in when you do so. You may go now."

"I hab um to-night for you, massa, ef God spare me. Look 'a, young misus, you hab any coffee lef' in de pot; I tanks you."

Jane Carrington,—a gentle and lovely girl of seventeen,—who did the honors of the table, supplied Scipio's wants, and leaving him to the enjoyment of his mug of coffee, Mr. C. and myself walked forth into the plantation.

The little dialogue just narrated had almost entirely passed out of my mind, when, at evening, returning from his labors in the cornfield, who should make his appearance but Scipio. He came to place the gun in the corner from which he had taken it; but he brought with him no trophies of victory. He had failed to scalp his crow. The inquiry of his master as to his failure, drew my attention to the negro, who had simply placed the weapon in the rest, and was about to retire, with a countenance, as I thought, rather sullen and dissatisfied, and a hang-dog, sneaking manner, as if anxious to escape observation. He had utterly lost that air of confidence which he had worn in the morning.

"What, Scipio! no crow?" demanded his master.

"I no shoot, sa;," replied the negro, moving off as he spoke, as if willing that the examination should rest there. But Mr. Carrington, who was something of a quizz, and saw that the poor fellow labored under a feeling of mortified self-conceit, was not unwilling to worry him a little further.

"Ah, Scip, I always thought you a poor shot, in spite of your bragging; now I'm sure of it. A crow comes and stares you out of countenance, walks round you, and scarcely flies when you pelt him, and yet, when the gun is in your hands, you do nothing. How's that?"

"I tell you, massa, I no bin shoot. Ef I bin shoot, I bin hurt um in he head for true; but dere' no use for shoot, tel you can get shot, inty? Wha'

for trow 'way de shot?—you buy 'em—becos' you money; well, you hab money for trow 'way? No! Wha' den—Scip's a d—n rascal for true, ef he trow 'way you money. Dat's trow 'way you money, wha's trow 'way you shot,—wha's trow you corn, you peas, you fodder, you hog-meat, you chickens and eggs. Scip nebber trow 'way you property, massa; nobody nebber say sich ting."

"Cunning dog—nobody accuses you, Scipio. I believe you to be as honest as the rest, Scipio, but haven't you been throwing away time? haven't you been poking about after this crow to the neglect of your duty? Come, in plain language, did you get through your task to-day?"

"Task done, massa; I finish um by three 'clock."

"Well, what did you do with the rest of your time? Have you been at your own garden, Scipio?"

"No, sa; I no touch de garden."

"Why not? what employed you from three o'clock?"

"Dis same crow, massa; I tell you, massa, 'tis dis same dirty nigger of a crow I bin looking arter, ebber since I git over de task. He's a ting da's too sassy, and aggravates me berry much. I follow um tel de sun shut he eye, and nebber can git shot. Ef I bin git shot, I nebber miss um, massa, I tell you."

"But why did you not get a shot? You must have bungled monstrously, Scipio, not to succeed in getting a shot at a bird that is always about you. Does he bother you less than he did before, now that you have the gun?"

"I spec' he mus' know, massa, da's de reason; but he bodder me jis' de same. He nebber leff me all day I bin in de cornfield, but he nebber come so close for he shoot. He say to he sef, dat gun good at sixty yard, in Scip hand; I stan' sixty, I stan' a hundred; ef he shoot so far, I laf at 'em. Da's wha' he say."

"Well, even at seventy or eighty yards, you should have tried him, Scipio. The gun that tells at sixty, will be very apt to tell at seventy or eighty yards, if the nerves be good that hold it, and the eye close. Try him even at a hundred, Scipio, rather than lose your crow; but put in your biggest shot."

The conference ended with this counsel of the master. The fellow promised to obey, and the next morning he sallied forth with the gun as before. By this time, both Mr. Carrington and myself had begun to take some interest in the issue thus tacitly made up between the field negro and his annoying visitor. The anxiety which the former manifested, to destroy, in particular, one of a tribe, of which the corn-planter has an aversion so great as to prompt the frequent desire of the Roman tyrant touching his enemies, and make him wish that they had but one neck that a single blow might despatch them, was no less ridiculous than strange; and we both fell to our fancies to account for an hostility, which could not certainly be accounted for by any ordinary anxiety of the good planter on such an occasion. It was evident to both of us that the imagination of Scipio was not inactive in the strife, and knowing how exceeding superstitious the negroes generally are, (and indeed, all inferior people,) after canvassing the subject in various lights, without coming to any rational solution, we concluded that the difficulty arose from some grotesque fear or fancy, with which the fellow had been inspired, probably by some other negro, on a

circumstance as casual as any one of the thousand by which the Roman augur divined, and the sooth-sayer gave forth his oracular predictions. Scipio had good authority for attaching no small importance to the flight or stoppage of a bird; and with this grave justification of his troubles, we resolved to let the matter rest, till we could join the negro in the cornfield, and look for ourselves into the condition of the rival parties.

This we did that very morning. "Possum Place,"—for such had been the whimsical name conferred upon his estate by the proprietor, in reference to the vast numbers of the little animal, nightly found upon it, the opossum, the meat of which a sagacious negro will always prefer to that of a pig,—lay upon the Santee swamp, and consisted pretty evenly of reclaimed swamp-land, in which he raised his cotton, and fine high pine-land hammock, on which he made his corn. To one of the fields of the latter we made our way about mid-day, and were happy to find Scipio in actual controversy with the crow that troubled him. Controversy is scarce the word, but I can find no fitter, at this moment. The parties were some hundred yards asunder. The negro was busy with his hoe, and the gun leaned conveniently at hand on a contiguous and charred pine stump, one of a thousand that dotted the entire surface of the spacious field in which he labored. The crow leisurely passed to and fro along the alleys, now lost among the little hollows and hillocks, and now emerging into sight, sometimes at a less, sometimes at a greater distance, but always with a deportment of the most brass-like indifference to the world around him. His gait was certainly as lordly and as lazy as that of a Castilian the third remove from a king and the tenth from a shirt. We could discover in him no other singularity but this marked audacity; and both Mr. Carrington's eyes and mine were stretched beyond their orbits, but in vain, to discover that speck of "gray dirt upon his wing," which Scipio had been very careful to describe with the particularity of one who felt that the duty would devolve on him to brush the jacket of the intruder. We learned from the negro that his sooty visitor had come alone as usual,—for though there might have been a sprinkling of some fifty crows here and there about the field, we could not perceive that any of them had approached to any more familiarity with that one that annoyed him, than with himself. He had been able to get no shot as yet, though he did not despair of better fortune through the day; and in order to the better assurance of his hopes, the poor fellow had borne what he seemed to consider the taunting swagger of the crow all around him, without so much as lifting weapon, or making a single step towards him.

"Give me your gun," said Mr. Carrington. "If he walks no faster than now, I'll give him greater weight to carry."

But the lazy crow treated the white man with a degree of deference that made the negro stare. He made off at full speed with the first movement towards him, and disappeared from sight in a few seconds. We lost him seemingly among the willows and fern of a little bay that lay a few hundred yards beyond us.

"What think you of that, Scip?" demanded the master. "I've done more with a single motion than you've done for days, with all your poking and pelting. He'll hardly trouble you in a hurry

again, though if he does, you know well enough now, how to get rid of him."

The negro's face brightened for an instant, but suddenly changed, while he replied,—

"Ah, massa, when you back turn, he will come gen—he dah watch you now."

Sure enough—we had not proceeded a hundred yards, before the calls of Scipio drew our attention to the scene we had left. The bedevilled negro had his hands uplifted with something of an air of horror, while a finger guided us to the spot where the lazy crow was taking his rounds, almost in the very place from whence the hostile advance of Mr. Carrington had driven him; and with a listless, lounging strut of aristocratic composure, that provoked our wonder quite as much as the negro's indignation.

"Let us see it out," said Mr. C., returning to the scene of action. "At him, Scipio; take your gun and do your best."

But this did not seem necessary. Our return had the effect of sending the sooty intruder to a distance, and after lingering some time to see if he would re-appear while we were present, but without success, we concluded to retire from the ground. At night, we gathered from the poor negro, that our departure was the signal for the crow's return. He walked the course with impunity, though Scipio pursued him several times, and towards the close of day, in utter desperation, gave him both barrels, not only without fracturing a feather, but actually,



according to Scip's story, without occasioning in him the slightest discomposure or alarm. He merely changed his place at each onset, doubled on his own ground, made a brief circuit, and back again to the old distance, looking as impudently, and walking along as lazily as ever.

Some days passed by, and I saw nothing of Scipio. It appears, however, that his singular conflict with the lazy crow was carried on with as much pertinacity on the one side, and as little patience on the

other, as before. Still, daily did he provide himself with the weapon and munitions of war, making as much fuss in loading it, and putting in shot as large as if he proposed warfare on some of the more imposing occupants of the forest, rather than a simple bird, so innocent in all respects, except the single one of corn-stealing, as the crow. A fact, of which we obtained possession some time after, and from the other negroes, enlightened us somewhat on the subject of Scipio's own faith as to the true character of his enemy. In loading his gun, he counted out his shot, being careful to get an odd number. In using big buck, he numbered two sevens for a load; the small buck, three; and seven times seven duck shot, when he used the latter, were counted out as a charge, with the studious nicety of the jeweller at his pearls and diamonds. Then followed the mystic process of depositing the load within the tube, from which it was to issue forth in death and devastation. His face was turned from the sunlight; the blaze was not suffered to rest upon the bore or barrel; and when the weapon was charged, it was carried into field only on his left shoulder. In spite of all these preparations, the lazy crow came and went as before. He betrayed no change of demeanor; he showed no more consciousness of danger; he submitted to pursuit quietly, never seeming to hurry himself in escaping, and was quite as close an overseer of Scipio's conduct, as he had shown himself from the first. Not a day passed that the negro failed to shoot at him; always, however, by his own account, at disadvantage, and never, it appears, with any success. The consequence of all this was, that Scipio fell sick. What with the constant annoyance of the thing, and a too excitable imagination, Scipio, a stout fellow nearly six feet high, and half as many broad, laid himself at length in his cabin, at the end of the week, and was placed on the sick-list accordingly. But as a negro will never take physic, if he can help it, however ready he may be to complain, it was not till Sunday afternoon, that Jane Carrington, taking her customary stroll on that day to the negro quarters, ascertained the fact. She at once apprised her father, who was something of a physician, (as every planter should be,) and who immediately proceeded to visit the invalid. He found him without any of the customary signs of sickness. His pulse was low and feeble, rather than full or fast; his tongue tolerably clean; his skin not unpleasant, and in all ordinary respects Scipio would have been pronounced in very good condition for his daily task, and his hog and hominy. But he was an honest fellow, and the master well knew that there was no negro on his plantation so little given to "playing 'possum," as Scipio. He complained of being very unwell, though he found it difficult to locate his annoyances, and say where or in what respect his ailing lay. Questions only confused, and seemed to vex him, and, though really skilful in the cure of such complaints as ordinarily occur on a plantation, Mr. Carrington, in the case before him, was really at a loss. The only feature of Scipio's disease that was apparent, was a full and raised expression of the eye, that seemed to swell out whenever he spoke, or when he was required to direct his attention to any object, or answer to any specific inquiry. The more the master observed him, the more difficult it became to utter an opinion; and he was finally compelled to leave him for the night, without medicine,

judging it wiser to let nature take the subject in hand, until he could properly determine in what respect he suffered. But the morrow brought no alleviation of Scipio's sufferings. He was still sick as before—incapable of work—indeed, as he alleged, unable to leave his bed, though his pulse was a little exaggerated from the night previous, and exhibited only that degree of energy and fullness, which might be supposed natural to one moved by sudden physical excitement. His master half-suspected him of shamming, but the lugubrious expression of the fellow's face, could scarcely be assumed for any purpose, and was to all eyes as natural as could be. He evidently thought himself in a bad way. I suggested some simple medicine, such as salts or castor oil—any thing, indeed, which could do no harm, and which could lessen the patient's apprehensions, which seemed to increase with the evident inability of his master to give him help. Still he could scarcely tell where it hurt him; his pains were every where, in head, back, shoulder, heels, and strange to say, at the tips of his ears. Mr. C. was puzzled, and concluded to avoid the responsibility of such a case, by sending for the neighboring physician. Dr. C.—, a very clever and well-read man, soon made his appearance, and was regularly introduced to the patient. His replies to the physician were as little satisfactory as those which he had made to us; and after a long and tedious cross-examination by doctor and master, the conclusion was still the same. Some few things, however, transpired in the inquiry, which led us all to the same inference with the doctor, who ascribed Scipio's condition to some mental hallucination. While the conversation had been going on in his cabin—a dwelling like most negro houses, made with poles, and the chinks stopped with clay—he turned abruptly from the physician to a negro girl that brought him soup, and asked the following question.

"Who bin tell Gullah Sam for come in yer yisserday?"

The girl looked confused, and made no answer.

"Answer him," said the master.

"Da's him—why you no talk, nigger?" said the patient authoritatively. "I ax you, who bin tell Gullah Sam for come in yer yisserday?"

"He bin come?" responded the girl with another inquiry.

"Sure, he bin come—enty I see um wid he dirty gray jacket, like dirt on a crow wing? He tink I no see um—he 'tan der in dis corner, close de chimney, and look wha's a cook in de pot. Oh, how my ear bu'n—somebody's a talking bad tings 'bout Scipio now."

There was a good deal in this speech to interest Mr. Carrington and myself; we could trace something of his illness to his strife with the crow; but who was Gullah Sam? This was a question put both by the doctor and myself, at the same moment.

"You no know Gullah Sam, enty? Ha! better you don't know um—he's a nigger da's more dan nigger—wish he mind he own business."

With these words the patient turned his face to the wall of his habitation, and seemed unwilling to vouchsafe us any further speech. It was thought unnecessary to annoy poor Scipio with farther inquiries, and leaving the cabin, we obtained the desired information from his master.

"Gullah Sam," said he, "is a native born African

from the Gold Coast, who belongs to my neighbor, Mr. Jamison, and was bought by his father out of a Rhode Island slave, some time before the Revolution. He is now, as you may suppose, rather an old man; and, to all appearances, would seem a simple and silly one enough; but the negroes all around regard him to be a great conjuror, and look upon his powers as a wizard, with a degree of dread, only to be accounted for by the notorious superstition of ignorance. I have vainly endeavored to overcome their fears and prejudices on this subject; but the object of fear is most commonly, at the same time, an object of veneration, and they hold on to the faith which has been taught them, with a tenacity like that with which the heathen clings to the idol, the wrath of which he seeks to deprecate, and which he worships only because he fears. The little conversation which we have had with Scipio, in his partial delirium, has revealed to me what a sense of shame has kept him from declaring before. He believes himself to be bewitched by Gullah Sam, and whether the African possesses any power such as he pretends to or not, is still the same to Scipio, if his mind has a full conviction that he does, and that he has become its victim. A superstitious negro might as well be bewitched, as to fancy that he is so."

"And what do you propose to do?" was my inquiry.

"Nay, that question I cannot answer you. It is a work of philosophy, rather than of physic, and we must become the masters of the case, before we can prescribe for it. We must note the fancies of the patient himself, and make these subservient to the case. I know of no other remedy."

That evening, we all returned to the cabin of Scipio. We found him more composed—sane, perhaps, would be the proper word—than in the morning, and accordingly, perfectly silent on the subject of Gullah Sam. His master took the opportunity of speaking to him in plain language.

"Scipio, why do you try to keep the truth from me? Have you ever found me a bad master, that you should fear to tell me the truth?"

"Nebber say sich ting! Who tell you, massa I say you bad?" replied the negro with a lofty air of indignation, rising on his arm in the bed.

"Why should you keep the truth from me?" was the reply.

"Wha' trute I keep from you, massa?"

"The cause of your sickness, Scipio. Why did you not tell me that Gullah Sam had bewitched you?"

The negro was confounded.

"How you know, massa?" was his demand.

"It matters not," replied the master, "but how came Gullah Sam to bewitch you?"

"He kin 'witch, den, massa?" was the rather triumphant demand of the negro, who saw in his master's remark, a concession to his faith, which had always been withheld before. Mr. Carrington extricated himself from the dilemma with sufficient promptness and ingenuity.

"The devil has power, Scipio, over all that believe in him. If you believe that Gullah Sam can do with you what he pleases, in spite of God and the Saviour, there is no doubt that he can; and God and the Saviour will alike give you up to his power, since when you believe in the devil, you refuse to believe in them. They have told you, and the preacher has told you, and I have told you, that

Gullah Sam can do you no sort of harm, if you will refuse to believe in what he tells you. Why then do you believe in that miserable and ignorant old African, sooner than in God, and the preacher, and myself?"

"I can't help it, massa—de ting's de ting, and you can't change um. Dis Gullah Sam—he wuss more nor ten debble—I jis' laugh at um t'oder day—tree week 'go when he tumble in de hoss pond, and he shake he finger at me, and ebber since, he put he bad mout' 'pon me. Ebber sence dat time, dat ugly crow bin stand in my eyes, whichebber way I tu'n. He hab gray dirt on he wing, and enty dere's a gray patch on Gullah Sam jacket? Gullah Sam hab close quaintan' wid dat same lazy crow da's walk roun' me in de cornfield, massa. I bin tink so from de fuss; and when he 'tan and le' me shoot at um, and no 'fraid, den I sartain."

"Well, Scipio," said the master, "I will soon put an end to Sam's power. I will see Mr. Jamison, and will have Sam well flogged for his witchcraft. I think you ought to be convinced that a wizard who suffers himself to be flogged, is but a poor devil after all."

The answer of the negro was full of consternation.

"For Christ 'Jesus' sake, massa, I beg you do no sich ting. Yo' lick Gullah Sam, den you loss Scipio for eber and eber, amen. Gullah Sam neber guine take off de bad mout' he put cn Scip, once you lick em. De pains will keep in de bones—de leg will dead, fuss de right leg, den de lef, one arter t'odder, and you nigger will dead, up and up, till noting lef for dead but he head. He head will hab life, when you kin put he body in de hole, and cubber um up wid du't. You mus' try n'oder tings, massa, for get you nigger cure—you lick Gullah Sam, 'tis kill um for ebber."

A long conversation ensued among us, Scipio taking occasional part in it; for, now that his secret was known, he seemed somewhat relieved, and gave utterance freely to his fears and superstitions; and determined for and against the remedies which we severally proposed, with the authority of one, not only more deeply interested in the case than any one beside, but who also knew more about it. Having unscrupulously opposed nearly every plan, even in its inception, which was suggested, his master, out of patience, at last exclaimed,

"Well, Scipio, it seems nothing will please you. What would you have? what course shall I take to dispossess the devil, and send Gullah Sam about his business?"

After a brief pause, in which the negro twisted from side to side of his bed, he answered as follows:

"Ef you kin trow way money on Scip, massa, dere's a way I tink 'pon, dat'll do um help, if dere's any ting kin help um now, widout go to Gullah Sam. But it's a berry 'spensive way, massa."

"How much will it cost?" demanded the master. "I am not unwilling to pay money for you, either to cure you when you are sick, as you ought to know, by my sending for the doctor, or by putting more sense into your head than you seem to have at present. How much money do you think it will take to send the devil out of you?"

"Ha! massa, you no speak 'spectful 'nough. Dis Gullah Sam hard to move; more dan de lazy crow dat walk in de cornfield. He will take money 'nough; mos' a bag ob cotton in dese hard times."

"Pshaw—speak out, and tell me what you mean!" said the now thoroughly impatient master.

"Dere's an old nigger, massa, dat's an Ebo—he lib ober on St. Matthew's, by de bluff, place of Major Thompson. He's mighty great hand for cure bad mout'. He's named 'Tuselah, and he's a witch he sef, worse more nor Gullah Sam. Gullah Sam fear'd um—berry fear'd um. You send for 'Tuselah, massa, he cos' you more nor twenty dollars. Scipio git well for sartin, and you nebber yerry any more dat sassy crow in de cornfield."

"If I thought so," replied Mr. Carrington, looking round upon us, as if himself half-ashamed to give in to the suggestions of the negro; "if I thought so, I would certainly send for Methuselah. But really, there's something very ridiculous in all this."

"I think not," was my reply. "Your own theory will sustain you, since, if Scipio's fancy makes one devil, he is equally assured, by the same fancy, of the counter power of the other."

"Besides," said the doctor, "you are sustained by the proverb, 'set a thief to catch a thief.' The thing is really curious. I shall be anxious to see how the St. Matthew's wizard overcomes him of Santee; though, to speak truth, a sort of sectional interest in my own district, would almost tempt me to hope that he may be defeated. This should certainly be my prayer, were it not that I have some commiseration for Scipio. I should be sorry to see him dying by inches."

"By feet, rather," replied his master with a laugh. "First the right leg, then the left, up and up, until life remains to him in his head only. But, you shall have your wish, Scipio. I will send a man to-morrow by daylight to St. Matthew's for Methuselah, and if he can overcome Gullah Sam at his own weapons, I shall not begrudge him the twenty dollars."

"Tanks, massa, tousand tanks!" was the reply of the invalid; his countenance suddenly brightening for the first time for a week, as if already assured of the happy termination of his affliction. Meanwhile, we left him to his cogitations, each of us musing to himself, as well on the singular mental infirmities of a negro, at once sober, honest, and generally sensible, and that strange sort of issue which was about to be made up, between the respective followers of the rival principles of African witchcraft, the Gullah and the Ebo fetishes.

The indulgent master that night addressed a letter to the owner of Methuselah, stating all the circumstances of the case, and soliciting permission for the wizard, of whom such high expectations were formed, or fancied, to return with the messenger, who took with him an extra horse, that the journey might be made with sufficient despatch. To this application a ready assent was given, and the messenger returned on the day after his departure, attended by the sage African in question. Methuselah was an African, about sixty-five years of age, with a head round as an owl's, and a countenance quite as grave and contemplative. His features indicated all the marked characteristics of his race, low forehead, high cheek bone, small eyes, flat nose, thick lips, and a chin sharp and retreating. He was not more than five feet high, and with legs so bowed that—to use Scipio's expression, when he was so far recovered as to be able again to laugh at his neighbor—a yearling calf might easily run between them without grazing the calf. There was nothing promising in such a person but his sententiousness and gravity, and Methuselah possessed these characteristics in a remarkable degree. When asked—

"Can you cure this fellow?" his answer, almost insolently expressed, was,—

"I come for dat."

"You can cure people who are bewitched?"

"He no dead?"

"No."

"Bally well—can't cure dead nigger."

There was but little to be got out of such a character by examination, direct or cross; and attending him to Scipio's wigwam, we tacitly resolved to look as closely into his proceedings as we could, assured, that in no other way could we possibly hope to arrive at any knowledge of his *modus operandi* in so curious a case.

Scipio was very glad to see the wizard of St. Matthew's, and pointing to a chair, the only one in his chamber, he left us to the rude stools, of which there happened to be a sufficient supply.

"Well, brudder," said the African abruptly, "wha's matter?"

"Ha, Mr. 'Tuselah, I bin hab berry bad mout' put 'pon me."

"I know dat—you eyes run water—you ears hot—you hab knee shake—you trimble in de joint."

"You hit um; 'tis jis' dem same ting. I hab ears bu'n berry much," and thus encouraged to detail his symptoms, the garrulous Scipio would have prolonged his chronicle to the crack of doom, but that the wizard valued his time too much, to suffer any unnecessary eloquence on the part of his patient.

"You see two tings at a time?" asked the African.

"How! I no see," replied Scipio, not comprehending the question, which simply meant, do you ever see double? To this, when explained, he answered in a decided negative.

"'Tis a man den, put he bad mout' 'pon you," said the African.

"Gor-a-mighty, how you know dat?" exclaimed Scipio.

"Hush, my brudder—wha' beas' he look like?"

"He's a d—n black nigger of a crow—a dirty crow, da's lazy for true."

"Ha! he lazy—you sure he ain't lame?"

"He no lame."

Scipio then gave a close description of the crow which had pestered him, precisely as he had given it to his master, as recorded in our previous pages. The African heard him with patience, then proceeded with oracular gravity.

"'Tis old man wha's trouble you!"

"Da's a trute!"

"Hush, my brudder. Wha's you see dis crow?"

"Crow in de cornfel', Mr. 'Tuselah; he can't come in de house."

"Who bin wid you all de time?"

"Jenny—de gal—he 'tan up in de corner now."

The magician turned and looked upon the person indicated by Scipio's finger—a little negro girl, probably ten years old. Then turning again to Scipio, he asked,

"You bin sick two, tree, seben day, brudder—how long you been on you bed?"

"Since Saturday night—da's six day to-day."

"And you hab nobody come for look 'pon you, since you been on de bed, but dis gal, and de buck-rah?"

Scipio confessed to several of the field negroes, servants of his own master, all of whom he proceeded to describe in compliance with the requisi-

tions of the wizard, who, as if still unsatisfied, bade him, in stern accents, remember if nobody else had been in the cabin, or, in his own language, had "set he eye 'pon you."

The patient hesitated for awhile, but the question being repeated, he confessed that in a half-sleep or stupor, he had fancied seeing Gullah Sam looking in upon him through the half-opened door; and at another time had caught glimpses, in his sleep, of the same features, through a chink between the logs, where the clay had fallen.

"Ha! ha!" said the wizard, with a half-savage grin of mingled delight and sagacity—"I hab nose—I smell. Well, brudder, I mus' gib you physic—you mus' hab good sweat to-night, and smood skin to-morrow."

Thus ended the conference with Scipio. The man of mystery arose and left the hovel, bidding us follow, and carefully fastening the door after him.

This done, he anointed some clay which he gathered in the neighborhood, with his spittle, and plastered it over the lintel. He retired with us a little distance, and when we were about to separate, he for the woods, and we for the dwelling-house, he said in tones more respectful than those which he employed to Mr. Carrington on his first coming.

"You hab niggers, massa—women is de bes'—dat lub for talk too much?"

"Yes, a dozen of them."

"You sen' one to de plantation where dis Gullah Sam lib, but don't sen' um to Gullah Sam; sen' um to be massa or he misses; and borrow something—any ting—old pot or kettle—no matter if you don't want 'em, you beg um for lend you. Da's 'nough."

Mr. Carrington would have had the wizard's reasons for the wish, but finding him reluctant to declare them, he promised his consent, concluding, as was perhaps the case, that the only object was to let Gullah Sam know that a formidable enemy had taken the field against him, and in defence of his victim. This would seem to account for his desire that the messenger should be a woman, and one "wha' lub for talk too much." He then obtained directions for the nearest path to the swamp, and when we looked, that night, into the wigwam of Scipio, we found him returned with a peck of roots of sundry sorts, none of which we knew, prepared to make a decoction, in which his patient was to be immersed from head to heels. Leaving Scipio with the contemplation of this steaming prospect before him, we retired for the night, not a little anxious for those coming events which cast no shadow before us, or one so impenetrably thick, that we failed utterly to see through it.

In the morning, strange to say, we found Scipio considerably better, and in singularly good spirits. The medicaments of the African, or more likely the pliant imagination of the patient himself, had wrought a charm in his behalf; and instead of groaning at every syllable, as he had done for several days before, he now scarcely uttered a word that was not accompanied by a grin. The magician seemed scarcely less pleased than his patient, particularly when he informed us that he had not only obtained the article the woman was sent to borrow, but that Gullah Sam had been seen prowling, late at night, about the negro houses, without daring, however, to venture nigh that of the invalid—a forbearance which the necromancer gave us to understand, was entirely involuntary, and in spite of the

enemy's desire, who was baffled and kept away by the spell contained in the ointment which he had placed on the lintel, in our presence the evening before. Still, half-ashamed of being even quiescent parties merely to this solemn mummary, we were anxious to see the end of it, and our African promised that he would do much towards relieving Scipio from his enchantment by night of the same day. His spells and fomentations had worked equally well, and Scipio was not only more confident in mind, but more sleek and strong in body. With his own hands, it appears, that the wizard had rubbed down the back and shoulders of his patient with corn-shucks steeped in the decoction he had made, and, what was a more strange specific still, he had actually subjected Scipio to a smarter punishment, with a stout hickory, than his master had given him for many a year; and which the poor fellow not only bore with Christian fortitude, but actually rejoiced in, imploring additional strokes when the other ceased. We could very well understand that Scipio deserved a whipping for laughing at an aged man, because he fell into the water, but we failed to ascertain from the taciturn wizard, that this was the rationale of an application which a negro ordinarily is never found to approve. This over, Scipio was again put to bed, a green twig hung over the door of his cabin within, while the unctuous plaster was renewed freshly on the outside. The African then repeated certain uncouth sounds over the patient, bade him shut his eyes and go to sleep, in order to be in readiness, and go into the fields by the time the sun was turning for the west.

"What," exclaimed Mr. Carrington, "do you think him able to go into the field to-day? He is very weak; he has taken little nourishment for several days."

"He mus' able," returned the imperative African; "he 'trong 'nough. He mus' able—he hab for carry gun."

With these words, the wizard left us, without deigning any explanation of his future purposes, and taking his way towards the swamp, he was soon lost to our eyes in the mighty depth of its shrouding recesses.

When he returned, which was not till noon, he came at once to the mansion-house, without seeking his patient, and entering the hall where the family was assembled, he challenged our attention, as well by his appearance, as by his words. He had, it would seem, employed himself in arranging his own appearance while in the swamp; perhaps, taking one of its thousand lakes or ponds for his mirror. His woolly hair, which was very long, was plaited carefully up, so that the ends stuck out from his brow, as prompt and pointedly as the tails of pigs, suddenly aroused to a show of delightful consciousness on discovering a forgotten corn-heap. Perhaps that sort of tobacco, known by the attractive and characteristic title of "pigtail," would be the most fitting to convey to the mind of the reader the peculiar form of plait which the wizard had adopted for his hair. This mode of disposing of his matted mop, served to display the tattooed and strange figures upon his temples—the certain signs, as he assured us, of princely rank in his native country. He carried a long wand in his hand, freshly cut and peeled, at one end of which he had tied a small hempen cord. The skin of the wand was plaited round his own neck. In a large leaf he brought with him a small portion of something



which he seemed to preserve very carefully, but which appeared to us to be nothing more than coarse sand or gravel. To this, he added a small portion of salt, which he obtained from the mistress of the house, and which he stirred together in our presence, until the salt had been lost to the eye in the sand or gravel, or whatever might have been the article which he had brought with him. This done, he drew the shot from both barrels of the gun, and in its place, deposited the mixture which he had thus prepared.

"Buckrah will come 'long now. Scipio guine look for de crow."

Such were his words, which he did not wait to hear answered or disputed, but taking the gun and leading the way off towards the wigwam of Scipio, while our anxiety to see the conclusion of the adventure, did not suffer us to lose any time in following him. To our surprise, we found Scipio dressed and up; ready, and it would seem perfectly able, to undertake what the African assigned him. The gun was placed in his hands, and he was told to take his way to the cornfield as usual, and proceed to work. He was also informed by the wizard, with a confidence that surprised us, that the lazy crow would be sure to be there as usual; and he was desired to get as close as he could, and take good aim at his head in shooting him.

"You sure for hit um, brudder," said the African; "so don't 'tan' too long for look. Jis' you git close, take you sight, and gib um bot' barrel. But fuss, 'fore you go, I mus' do something wid you eye."

The plaster was taken from the door, as Scipio passed through it, re-softened with the saliva of the wizard, who, with his finger, described an arched line over each of the patient's eyes.

"You go 'long by you'sef now, brudder, and shoot de crow when you see um. He's a waiting for you now, I 'spec'."

We were about to follow Scipio to the field, but our African kept us back; and leading the way to

a little copse that divided it from the swamp, he took us to its shelter, and required us to remain with him out of sight of the field, until some report from Scipio or his gun, should justify us in going forth.

Here we remained, in no little anxiety, for the space of two hours, in which time, however, the African showed no sort of impatience, and none of that feverish anxiety which made us restless in body, and, eager to the last degree, in mind. We tried to fathom his mysteries, but in vain. We heard the sound of Scipio's gun—and set off with full speed towards the quarter whence it came. The wizard followed us slowly, waving his wand in circles all the way, and pulling the withes from his neck, and casting them around him as he came. During this time, his mouth was in constant motion, and I could hear at moments, strange, uncouth sounds breaking from his lips. When we reached Scipio, the fellow was in a state little short of delirium. He had fired both barrels, and had cast the gun down upon the ground after the discharge. He was wringing his hands above his head in a sort of phrensy of joy, and at our approach he threw himself down upon the earth, laughing with the delight of one who had lost his wits in a dream of pleasure.

"Where's the crow?" demanded his master.

"I shoot um—I shoot um in he head—enty I tell you, massa, I will hit um in he head? Soon he poke he nose ober de ground, I gib it to um. Hope he bin large shot. He gone t'rough he head—t'rough and t'rough. Ha! ha! ha! If dat crow be Gullah Sam! if Gullah Sam be git in crow jacket, ho, massa! he nebber git out crow jacket 'til somebody skin um. Ha! ha! ho! ho! ki! ki! ki! ki! la! ki! Oh, massa, wonder how Gullah Sam feel in crow jacket?"

It was in this strain of incoherent exclamation, that the invalid gave vent to his joyful paroxysm, at the thought of having put a handful of duck shot in the hide of his mortal enemy. The unchristian character of his exultation received a severe reproof from his master, which sobered the fellow sufficiently to enable us to get from him a more sane description of his doings. He told us that the crow had come to bedevil him as usual, only—and the fact became subsequently of considerable importance—that he had now lost the gray dirt from his wing, which had so peculiarly distinguished it before, and was now as black as the most legitimate suit ever worn by crow, priest, lawyer, or physician. This change in the outer aspect of the bird had somewhat confounded the negro, and made him loth to expend his shot, for fear of wasting the charmed charge upon other than the genuine Simon Pure. But the deportment of the other—lazy, lounging, swaggering, as usual, convinced Scipio, in spite of his eyes, that his old enemy stood in fact before him; and without wasting time, he gave him both barrels at the same moment.

"But where's the crow?" demanded the master.

"I knock um ober, massa, I see um tumble; 'speck you find um t'oder side de cornhill."

Nothing could exceed the consternation of Scipio, when, on reaching the designated spot, we found no sign of the supposed victim. The poor fellow rubbed his eyes, in doubt of their visual capacities, and looked round aghast for an explanation to the wizard who was now approaching, waving his wand in long sweeping circles as he came, and muttering,

as before, those strange uncouth sounds, which we relished as little as we understood. He did not seem at all astonished at the result of Scipio's shot, but abruptly asked of him—"Wa's de fus' water, brudder Scip?"

"De water in de bay, Master 'Tuselah," was the reply; the speaker pointing as he spoke to the little spot of drowned land on the very corner of the field, which, covered with thick shoots of the small sweet bay tree—the magnolia flacca—receives its common name among the people from its almost peculiar growth.

"Push for de bay! push for de bay!" exclaimed the African, "and see wha' you see. Run, Scip; run, nigger—see wha' lay in de bay!"

These words, scarcely understood by us, set Scipio in motion. At full speed he set out, and conjecturing from his movement, rather than from the words of the African, his expectations, off we set also at full speed after him. Before we reached the spot, to our great surprise, Scipio emerged from the bay, dragging after him the reluctant and trembling form of the aged negro, Gullah Sam. He had found him washing his face, which was covered with little pimples and scratches, as if he had suddenly fallen into a nest of briars. It was with the utmost difficulty we could prevent Scipio from pummeling the dreaded wizard to death.

"What's the matter with your face, Sam?" demanded Mr. Carrington.

"Hab humor, Massa Carrington; bin trouble berry much wid break out in de skin."

"Da shot, massa—da shot. I hit um in crow jacket; but wha's de gray di't? Ha! massa, look ver; dis da black suit of Misser Jam'son Gullah Sam hab on. He no wear he jacket wid gray patch. Da's make de diff'rence."

The magician from St. Matthew's now came up, and our surprise was increased when we saw him extend his hand, with an appearance of the utmost good feeling and amity, to the rival he had just overcome.

"Well, brudder Sam, how you come on?"

The other looked at him doubtfully, and with a countenance in which we saw, or fancied, a mingling expression of fear and hostility; the latter being evidently restrained by the other. He gave his hand, however, to the grasp of Methuselah, but said nothing.

"I will come take supper wid you to-night, brudder Sam," continued the wizard of St. Matthew's, with as much civility as if he spoke to the most es-

teemed friend under the sun. "Scip, boy, you kin go to you massa work—you quite well ob dis business."

Scipio seemed loth to leave the company while there seemed something yet to be done, and muttered half aloud,

"You no ax Gullah Sum, wha' da he bin do in de bay."

"Psha, boy, go 'long to you cornfiel'—enty I know," replied Methuselah. "Gullah Sam bin 'bout he own business, I 'spose. Brudder, you kin go home now, and get you tings ready for supper. I will come see you to-night."

It was in this manner that the wizard of St. Matthew's was disposed to dismiss both the patient and his persecutor, but here the master of Scipio interposed.

"Not so fast, Methuselah. If this fellow, Sam, has been playing any of his tricks upon my people, as you seem to have taken for granted, and as, indeed, very clearly appears, he must not be let off so easily. I must punish him before he goes."

"You kin punish um more dan me?" was the abrupt, almost stern, inquiry of the wizard.

There was something so amusing, as well as strange, in the whole business, something so ludicrous in the wo-begone visage of Sam, that we pleaded with Mr. Carrington that the whole case should be left to Methuselah; satisfied that as he had done so well hitherto, there was no good reason, nor was it right that he should be interfered with. We saw the two shake hands and part, and ascertained from Scipio that he himself was the guest of Gullah Sam, at the invitation of Methuselah, to a very good supper that night of pig and 'possum. Scipio described the affair as having gone off very well, but he chuckled mightily as he dwelt upon the face of Sam, which, as he said, by night was completely raw from the inveterate scratching to which he had been compelled to subject it during the whole day. Methuselah, the next morning departed, having received as his reward twenty dollars from the master, and a small pocket Bible from the young mistress of the negro; and to this day, there is not a negro in the surrounding country—and many of the whites are of the same way of thinking—who does not believe that Scipio was bewitched by Gullah Sam, and the latter was shot in the face, while in the shape of a common crow in the cornfield, by the enchanted shot provided by the wizard of St. Matthew's for the hands of the other.

I vouch not for the truth, d'y'e see,
But tell the tale as 'twas told to me.

HENRY CLAY.—The following *morceau* will be gratifying to some of our readers, and we should suppose can be displeasing to none.

A few years since, shortly after the agitation of the famous compensation bill in Congress, Mr. Clay, who voted in favor of the bill, found a formidable opposition arrayed against his re-election. After addressing the people from the hustings, previous to the opening of the poll, he stepped down into the crowd, when he met an old and influential friend of his named Scott, one of the first settlers of Kentucky, and of course, in his younger days, a great huntsman. The gentleman, stepping up, addressed Mr. Clay as follows: "Well, well, Harry, I've been with you in six troubles—I'm sorry I must desert you in the seventh; you have voted for that miserable compensation bill—I must now turn my back upon you." "Is it so, friend

Scott? Is this the only objection?" "It is." "We must get over it the best way we can. You are an old huntsman?" "Yes." "You have killed many a fat bear and buck?" "Yes." "I believe you have a good rifle?" "Yes, as good a one as ever cracked." "Well, did you ever have a fine buck before you when your gun snapped?" "The like of that has happened." "Well now, friend Scott, did you take that faithful rifle and break it to pieces on the very next log you came to—or did you pick the flint and try it again?" The tear stood in the old man's eye—the chord was touched. "No, Harry, I picked the flint and tried her again—and I'll try you again—give us your hand." We need scarcely say that the welkin rung with the huzzaiing plaudits of the bystanders.—Clay was borne off to the hustings, and re-elected.

GUILTY—BUT DRUNK.

BY COLONEL BRADBURY. 1840.

It is a well-known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called "practical" and that liquor which is termed "bad," have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where bad liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year; taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "Court" was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his "better half," by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge "'tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt (address-

ing the landlord), you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that every thing was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablu-tion and abster-tion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly! what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time, that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!"

"What on earth's the matter, Judge?"

"Just look at these spoons!"

"Dear me, where d'ye get them?"

"Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?"—extending them towards her—"I stole them!"

"Stole them, Judge?"



"Yes, stole them!"

"My dear husband, it can't be possible! from whom?"

"From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them."

"Good heavens! how could it happen?"

"I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?"

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, you was."

"Was I remarkably drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so," said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to that, at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion perhaps—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!"

"But, there may be some mistake, Judge?"

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife wiping away the tears, "go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke—go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had

been played. The Judge took his seat in Court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but drunk," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, but drunk!"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did get none no where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do any thing dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt's spoons!* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the Court."

FUN FROM THE FORECASTLE.

FROM "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST." BY RICHARD H. DANA, JR. 1840.

WE had now got hardened to Cape weather, the vessel was under reduced sail, and every thing secured on deck and below, so that we had little to do but to steer and to stand our watch. Our clothes were all wet through, and the only change was from wet to more wet. It was in vain to think of reading or working below, for we were too tired, the hatchways were closed down, and every thing was wet and uncomfortable, black and dirty, heaving and pitching. We had only to come below when the watch was out, wring out our wet clothes, hang them up, and turn in and sleep as soundly as we could, until the watch was called again. A sailor can sleep any where—no sound of wind, water, wood or iron can keep him awake—and we were always fast asleep when three blows on the hatchway, and the unwelcome cry of "All starboardlines ahoy! eight bells there below! do you hear the news?" (the usual formula of calling the watch,) roused us up from our berths upon the cold wet decks. The only time when we could be said to take any pleasure

was at night and morning, when we were allowed a tin pot full of hot tea, (or, as the sailors significantly call it, "water bewitched,") sweetened with molasses. This, bad as it was, was still warm and comforting, and, together with our sea biscuit and cold salt beef, made quite a meal. Yet even this meal was attended with some uncertainty. We had to go ourselves to the galley and take our kid of beef and tin pots of tea, and run the risk of losing them before we could get below. Many a kid of beef have I seen rolling in the scuppers, and the bearer lying at his length on the decks. I remember an English lad who was always the life of the crew, but whom we afterwards lost overboard, standing for nearly ten minutes at the galley, with his pot of tea in his hand, waiting for a chance to get down into the forecastle: and seeing what he thought was a "smooth spell," started to go forward. He had just got to the end of the windlass, when a great sea broke over the bows, and for a moment I saw nothing of him but his head and shoulders; and at

the next instant, being taken off of his legs, he was carried after the sea, until her stern lifting up and sending the water forward, he was left high and dry at the side of the long boat, still holding on to his tin pot, which had now nothing in it but salt water. But nothing could ever daunt him, or overcome, for a moment, his habitual good humor. Regaining his legs, and shaking his fist at the man at the wheel, he rolled below, saying, as he passed, "A man's no sailor, if he can't take a joke." The ducking was not the worst of such an affair, for, as there was an allowance of tea, you could get no more from the galley; and though the sailors would never suffer a man to go without, but would always turn in a little from their own pots to fill up his, yet this was at best but dividing the loss among all hands.

Something of the same kind befell me a few days after. The cook had just made for us a mess of hot "scouse"—that is, biscuit pounded fine, salt beef cut into small pieces, and a few potatoes, boiled up together and seasoned with pepper. This was a rare treat, and I, being the last at the galley, had it put in my charge to carry down for the mess. I got along very well as far as the hatchway, and was just getting down the steps, when a heavy sea, lifting the stern out of water, and passing forward, dropping it down again, threw the steps from their place, and I came down into the steerage a little faster than I meant to, with the kid on top of me, and the whole precious mess scattered over the floor. Whatever your feelings may be, you must



make a joke of every thing at sea; and if you were to fall from aloft and be caught in the belly of a sail, and thus saved from instant death, it would not do to look at all disturbed, or to make a serious matter of it.

A YANKEE CARD-TABLE.

BY GEORGE H. HILL. 1840.

WHEN I was about leaving New Orleans, standing upon the Levee, waiting for my luggage, I was thus addressed by a long, lean, down-Easter:

"Say yeou, which of these things slips up fust?"

"What?" said I.

"Which of these things slips up fust?"

"Do you mean which steamboat goes up the river first?"

"Yes, I'll be darned if I don't."

"That one," said I, pointing to the nearest.



"I'm in an awful hurry to get eout of this. It is so thundering hot, and I smell the yellow fever all rebound."

This individual had a very intellectual forehead, measuring about an inch and a quarter in height, and punched in at the sides to match. His eyes were set deep in their sockets, and something like a pig's, only the color was not as good. His nose pushed boldly out, as it started from the lower part of his forehead, as though it meant to be something, but when it had reached half its destination, it bent suddenly in like a parrot's beak. His upper lip was long and thin, and was stretched on a sort of rack, which was made by a couple of supernumerary teeth, which stuck out very prominently. His chin, too modest to attempt a rivalry with his projecting lip, receded backwards towards the throat, so that, to look at him in front, you did not perceive that he had any chin at all. His hair was very light and bristly. A snuff-colored coat of domestic manufacture adorned the upper part of his person. It was an ancient affair. The velvet was worn from the collar in several places, but which was carefully patched with red flannel, being the nearest approach to the original color of the collar that could be found in his domestic menagerie of reserved rags. The buttons, which one would naturally look for at the bottom of the waist, had wandered up between his shoulders. The coat was remarkably long, extending from high up on the shoulders to the lower part of the calves of his legs. He was slightly round-shouldered, so that when he stood right up, a small

lady might have found shelter in a rain storm in the vacancy left between the coat and the back. His pants, to common observers, would have been called too short, but he denied this, averring that his legs were too long for his trowsers. On his arm hung an old-fashioned camblet cloak, with the lining of green baize hanging about a quarter of a yard below the edge of the camblet. He said this was no fault of the lining, anyhow; "it got wet, and t'other shrunk a leetle, but the lining stuck to it like blazes." The Yankee was exceedingly anxious to secure his passage by the first boat, and he sang out to some person:

"Say, yeou, where is the Captain of this consarn. Say, yeou, (to some one else,) I want the Captain. Look here, nigger, show a feller the Captain. Look here, you black sarprint, don't stick out your lips at me. Wal, I swow, I'll give any body three cents that will show me the Captain."

The Captain hearing the noise, stepped forward, and told the Yankee if he wished to see the Captain, he was the commander of the boat.

"Dew tell? Wal, I swan, you have got a kind of commanding way about you, that's a fact."

"What do you wish?" said the Captain.

"Wal, I want a bath."

"Very well, jump into the river, there is plenty of water."

"I tell you, I want a bath."

"Well, don't I tell you to jump in, you can swim across if you like; we shall not start just yet."

"I want a bath to lie down in. Now do you know what I mean, darn you?"

"Oh, you want a berth?"

"Wal, darn you, didn't I say bath? I know what I'm about, I guess."

"I will accommodate you as far as I can," said the Captain, "but I've nothing but a mattress to offer, and that is upon the cabin floor."

"Dew tell."

"It is the only one that is vacant, and the cabin floor is covered with them, so you had better secure it at once."

"Wal, then, I guess I'd better turn right in."

I omitted to mention that he carried a valise in his hand. Some one rather impertinently asked him what he had in it.

"Wal," said he, "I don't know that it's any of your business, but I don't mind telling on you. There is two shirts, one clean, t'other dirty; a pair of pants about as good as new, only a leetle worn here and there, and a pair of pistols. D'ye want I should take 'em out and show you?"

When he went down to turn in, he put the valise under his head, wrapped his old cloak around him, and threw himself, as he said, "into the arms of omnibus." The mattresses on the other side of him, were occupied by some rough Kentucky boatmen. In the middle of the night, these men got up and commenced playing cards. No table being handy, they made use of the back of our Yankee friend for one, and chalked the reckoning of the game upon the camblet cloak, which surrounded the body of the unconscious sleeper. They became interested in the game, and began to lay down their cards with a might of fist, and earnestness of manner, which soon roused up our sleeping friend. He attempted to rise, but was held down by one of the party, who exclaimed:

"Lie still, stranger, I've only got three to go, and I hold the Jack."

"Never mind, I'm a most smothered here, but go ahead, darn you; play quick, and I'll go you halves."

He accordingly laid still, until they had finished their game, but whether the Kentucky gambler divided his gains with his table, was never satisfactorily ascertained.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY. 1840.

[The following Chapter is extracted from "The Annals of Quodlibet," a Political Satire, said to be edited by Solomon Secondthoughts, Schoolmaster.]

It falls to my lot, at this stage of my history, to be constrained to record an event the most astounding, the most awful, the most unexpected, the most treacherous, the most ungrateful, the most flagitious—yea, the most supereminently flagitious that the history of mankind affords. Notwithstanding that laudatory and political ejaculation which The Hero and Sage breathed out in the evening of his brilliant career, like the last notes of the swan, "I leave this great people prosperous and happy"—notwithstanding that flattering canzonet, with which he who pledges himself to walk in the Hero and Sage's footsteps, began his illustrious course, singing as it were the morning carol of the lark—"we present an aggregate of human prosperity surely not elsewhere to be found"—the echo of these sweet sounds had not died away upon the tympana of our ravished ears before these banks—these gentle pet banks—these fostered, favored, sugar-plum and candy-fed pet banks, with all their troop of eurtailed, combed and pampered paragon sister banks, one and all, without pang of remorse, without one

word of warning, without even as far as we could see, one tingle of a suppressed and struggling blush, incontinently suspended specie payments!! O curas hominum! Quantum est in rebus inane!

Shall I tell it? Even the Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet was compelled to follow in this faithless path. Not at once, I confess—not off-hand, and with such malice prepense as the others—for Nicodemus Handy had a soul above such black ingratitude—but after a pause, and let the truth be told in extenuation, because he could not help it.

The Hon. Middleton Flam was sent for upon the first tidings of this extraordinary kicking in the traces by these high mettled institutions—tidings which reached Quodlibet, via the canal, about eleven o'clock one morning in May. The directors were summoned into council. What was to be done? was the general question. Anthony Hardbottle, of the firm of Barndollar and Hardbottle—a grave man and a thoughtful; a man without flash, who seldom smiles—a lean man, hard favored and simple in his outgoings and incomings; a man who has

never sported as long as I have known him, any other coat than that of a snuff brown with covered buttons, and who does not wear out above one pair of shoes in a year, a man who could never be persuaded to give so far into the times as to put on a black cravat, but has always stuck to the white;—such a man, it may be easily imagined, was not to be carried away by new-fangled notions;—he was there at the Board, in place of Theodore Fog, who was compelled two years before to withdraw his name as a candidate for re-election. This same Anthony Hardbottle, speaking under the dictates of that cautious wisdom natural to him as a merchant, answered this question of What was to be done—by another equally laconic and pregnant with meaning—

“How much cash have we on hand?”

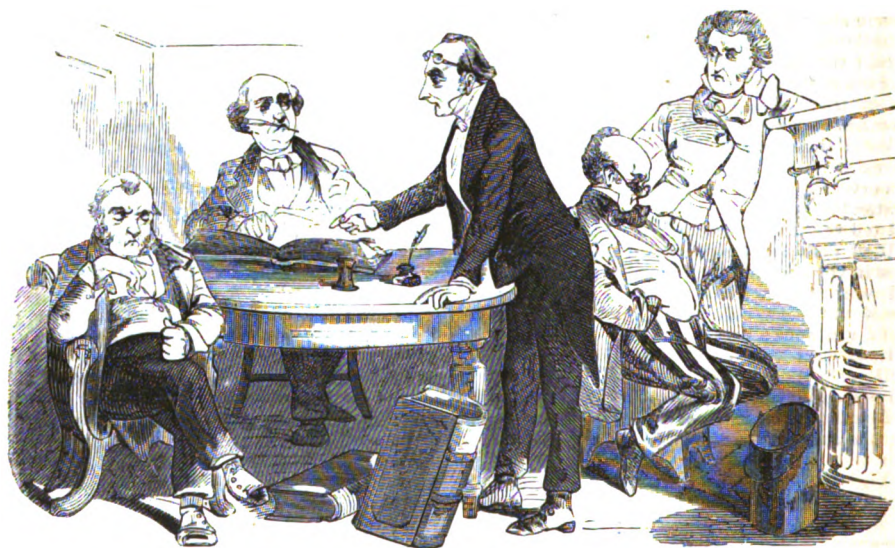
proach of being unable to meet its obligations. Anthony Hardbottle, as a democrat, I am surprised at you.”

“I can’t help it,” replied Anthony; “in my opinion, our issues are larger than our means.”

“How, larger, sir?” demanded Mr. Snuffers, the President of the New Light, with some asperity of tone. “Hav’n’t we a batch of bran new notes, just signed and ready for delivery? Redeem the old ones with new. Why should we suspend?”

“Gentlemen, I will put the question to the Board,” interposed Mr. Flam, fearful lest a quarrel might arise, if the debate continued. “Shall this Bank suspend specie payments? Those in favor of this iniquitous proposition will say AYE.”

No one answered. Anthony Hardbottle was intimidated by the President’s stern manner.



“One hundred and seven dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents in silver,” replied Nicodemus, “and five half eagles in gold, which were brought here by our honorable President, and placed on deposit after he had used them in the last election, for the purpose of showing the people what an admirable currency we were to have, as soon as Mr. Benton should succeed in making it float up the stream of the Mississippi.”

Again asked Anthony Hardbottle, “What circulation have you abroad?”

“Six hundred thousand dollars,” replied Nicodemus, “and a trifle over.”

“Then,” said Anthony, “I think we had better suspend with the rest.”

“Never,” said the Hon. Middleton Flam, rising from his seat and thumping the table violently with his hand. “Never, sir, whilst I am President of this bank, and there is a shot in the locker.”

“Bravo—well said, admirably said, spoke as a Quodlibetarian ought to speak!”—shouted Dr. Thomas G. Winkleman, the keeper of the soda water Pavilion; “I have fifteen dollars in five-penny bits; they are at the service of the Board, and while I hold a piece of coin, the Patriotic Copperplate Bank shall never be subjected to the re-

“Those opposed to it will say No.”

“No!” was the universal acclamation of the Board, with the exception of Anthony Hardbottle, who did not open his lips.

“Thank you, gentlemen,” said Mr. Flam, “for this generous support. I should have been compelled by the adoption of this proposition, much as I esteem this Board, much as I value your good opinion, to have returned the commission with which you have honored me as your President. Our country first, and then ourselves. The Democracy of Quodlibet never will suspend!”

At this moment, confused noises were heard in the banking room, which adjoined that in which the directors were convened. Mr. Handy immediately sprang from his chair, and went into this apartment.

There stood about thirty persons, principally boatmen from the canal. At their head, some paces, advanced into the bank, was Flanigan Sucker. One sleeve of Flan’s coat was torn open from the shoulder to the wrist; his shirt, of a very indefinite complexion, was open at the breast, disclosing the shaggy mat of hair that adorned this part of his person; his corduroy trousers had but one suspender to keep them up, thus giving them rather a

lop-sided set. His face was fiery red; and his hat, which was considerably frayed at the brim, was drawn over one ear, and left uncovered a large portion of his forehead and crown, which were embellished by wild elf locks of carrotty hue.

"Nicodemus," said Flam, as soon as the Cashier made his appearance, "we have come to make a run upon the bank; they say you've bursted your biler." Then turning to the crowd behind him, he shouted: "Growl, Tigers!—Yip! No?—You don't!"

As Flam yelled out these words, a strange muttering sound broke forth from the multitude.

"What put it into your drunken noddle that we have broke?" inquired Mr. Handy, with great composure, as soon as silence was restored.

"Nim Porter sees, Nicodemus, that you're a gone horse, and that if you ain't busted up, you will be before night. So we have determined on a run."

Nim Porter, who was standing in the rear of the crowd, where he had come to see how matters were going on, now stepped forward. Nim is the fattest man in Quodlibet, and wears more gold chains across his waistcoat, than I ever saw at a jeweller's window. He is the most dressy and good-natured man we have; and on this occasion there he stood with a stiff starched linen roundabout jacket on, as white as the driven snow, with white drilling pantaloons just from the washerwoman, and the most strutting ruffle to his shirt that could have been manufactured out of cambric. In all points he was unlike the crowd of persons who occupied the room. "I said nothing of the sort—" was Nim's reply—"and I am willing now to bet ten to one that he can't produce a man here to say I said so."

"D—n the odds!" cried Flam; "Nicodemus, we are resolved upon a run—so, shell out!"

"Begin when it suits you," said Mr. Handy. "Let me have your note, and I will give you either silver or gold as you choose."

"Yip! No?—You don't!" cried Flam, with a screeching and varied intonation which he was in the habit of giving to these cant words, and accompanying them with abundance of grimace, "d—n the odds about notes!—shell out any how. We have determined on a run—a genuine, dimmy-catic sortie."

"Have you none of our paper?" again inquired Mr. Handy.

"Devil a shaving, Nicodemus," replied Flam. "What's the odds?"

"But I have," said a big, squinting boatman, as he walked up to our cashier, and untied his leather wallet. "There's sixty dollars, and I'll thank you for the cash."

"And I have twenty-five more," cried out another.

"And I twice twenty-five," said a gruff voice from the midst of the crowd.

All this time, the number of persons outside was increasing, and very profane swearing was heard about the door. Mr. Handy stepped to the window to get a view of the assemblage, and seeing that nearly all the movable part of Quodlibet was gathering in front of the building, he retired with some trepidation into the directors' room, and informed Mr. Flam and the Board of what was going on. They had a pretty good suspicion of this before Mr. Handy returned, for they had distinctly heard the uproar. Mr. Handy no sooner communicated the fact to them, than Mr. Flam, with con-

siderable perturbation in his looks, rose and declared that Quodlibet was in a state of insurrection; and, as every one must be aware, that in the midst of a revolution no bank could be expected to pay specie, he moved, in consideration of this menacing state of affairs, that the Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet, suspend specie payments forthwith, and continue the same until such time as the re-establishment of the public peace should authorize a resumption. This motion was gracefully received by the Board, and carried without a division. During this interval, the conspirators having learned, through their leader, Flam Sucker, that the Hon. Middleton Flam was in the house, forthwith set up a violent shouting for that distinguished gentleman to appear at the door. It was some moments before our representative was willing to obey this summons; the Board of Directors were thrown into a panic, and, with great expedition, got out of the back window into the yard, and made their escape—thus leaving the indomitable and unflinching president of the bank, a man of lion heart, alone in the apartment; whilst the yells and shouts of the multitude were ringing in his ears with awful reduplication. He was not at a loss to perform his duty; but, with a dignified and stately movement, stalked into the banking room, approached the window that looked upon the street, threw it open, and gave himself in full view to the multitude.

There was a dreadful pause; a scowl sat upon every brow; a muttering silence prevailed. As Tacitus says, "Non tumultus, non quies, sed qualem magni metus, et magnæ iræ silentium est." Mr. Flam raised his arm, and spoke in this strain:

"Men of Quodlibet. What madness has seized upon you? Do you assemble in front of this edifice to make the day hideous with howling? Is it to insult Nicodemus Handy, a worthy New Light, or is it to affright the universe by pulling down these walls? Shame on you, men of Quodlibet! If you have a vengeance to wreak, do not inflict it upon us. Go to the Whigs, the authors of our misfortune. They have brought these things upon us. Year after year have we been struggling to give you a constitutional currency—the real Jackson gold—"

"Three cheers for Middleton Flam!" cried out twenty voices, and straightway the cheers ascended on the air; and in the midst was heard a well known voice, "Yip!—No?—You don't! Go it, Middleton!"

"Yes, my friends," proceeded the orator, "whilst we have been laboring to give you the solid metals; whilst we have been fighting against this PAPER MONEY PARTY, and have devoted all our energies to the endeavor to prostrate the influence of these RAG BARONS, these MONOPOLISTS, these CHAMPIONS OF VESTED RIGHTS and CHARTERED PRIVILEGES, the WHIGS—we have been foiled at every turn by the power of their unholy combinations of associated wealth. They have filled your land with banks, and have brought upon us all the curses of *over-trading* and *over-speculating*, until the people are literally on their faces at the footstool of the Money Power. (Tremendous cheering.) Our course has been resolute and unwaveringly patriotic. We have stood in the breach and met the storm; but all without avail. Between the rich and the poor lies a mighty gulf. The rich man *has*, the poor man *wants*. Of that which the rich hath, does he give to the poor? Answer me, men of Quodlibet."



"No!" arose, deep-toned from every throat.

"Then our course is plain. Poor men, one and all, rally round our democratic banner. Let the aristocrats know and feel that you will not bear this tyranny."

"We will, we will!" shouted Flan Sucker. "Go it, Middleton!—Yip! No? You don't!"

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Flam, "this bank of ours is purely DEMOCRATIC. It is an exception to all other banks; it is emphatically the poor man's friend; nothing can exceed the skill and caution with which it has been conducted. Would that all other banks were like it! We have, comparatively, but a small issue of paper afloat; we have a large supply of specie. You perceive, therefore, that we fear no run. You all saw with what alacrity our cashier proffered to redeem whatever amount our respectable fellow-citizen, that excellent Democrat, Mr. Flanigan Sucker, might demand. (Cheers, and a cry of 'Yip! No? You don't!') Mr. Sucker was satisfied, and did not desire to burden himself with specie. Gentlemen, depend upon me. When there is danger, if such a thing could be to this New Light Democratic Bank, I will be the first to give you warning. (Cheers, and 'Hurrah for Flam.') Born with an instinctive love of the people, I should be the vilest of men, if I could ever forget my duty to them. (Immense cheering, and cries of 'Flam for ever!') Take my advice, retire to your homes, keep an eye on the Whigs and their wicked schemes to bolster up the State Banks, make no run upon this institution—it is an ill bird that defiles his own nest—and, before you depart, gentlemen, let me inform you that, having the greatest regard to your interest, we have determined upon a temporary

suspension as a mere matter of caution against the intrigues of the Whigs, who, we have every reason to believe, actuated by their implacable hatred of the New Light Democracy, will assail this, your favorite bank, with a malevolence unexampled in all their past career. (Loud cheers, and cries of 'Stand by the Bank.') But, Quodlibetarians, rally, and present a phalanx more terrible than the Macedonian to the invader. You can—I am sure you will—and, therefore, I tell you your bank is safe."

"We can, we will!" rose from the whole multitude, accompanied with cheers that might vie with the bursting of the ocean surge.

"Gentlemen," added Mr. Flam, "I thank you for the manifestation of this patriotic sentiment. It is no more than I expected of Quodlibet. In conclusion, I am requested, my good friends, by Mr. Handy, to say, that having just prepared some notes on a superior paper, he will redeem at the counter any old ones you may chance to hold, in that new emission; and I can with pride assure you, that this late supply is equal perhaps, to any thing that has ever been issued in the United States. With my best wishes, gentlemen, for your permanent prosperity, under the new and glorious dynasty of that distinguished New Light Democrat, whom the unbought suffrages of millions of freemen have called to the supreme executive chair, (cheers,) and under whose lead we fondly indulge the hope of speedily sweeping from existence this pestilential brood of Whig banks, I respectfully take my leave."

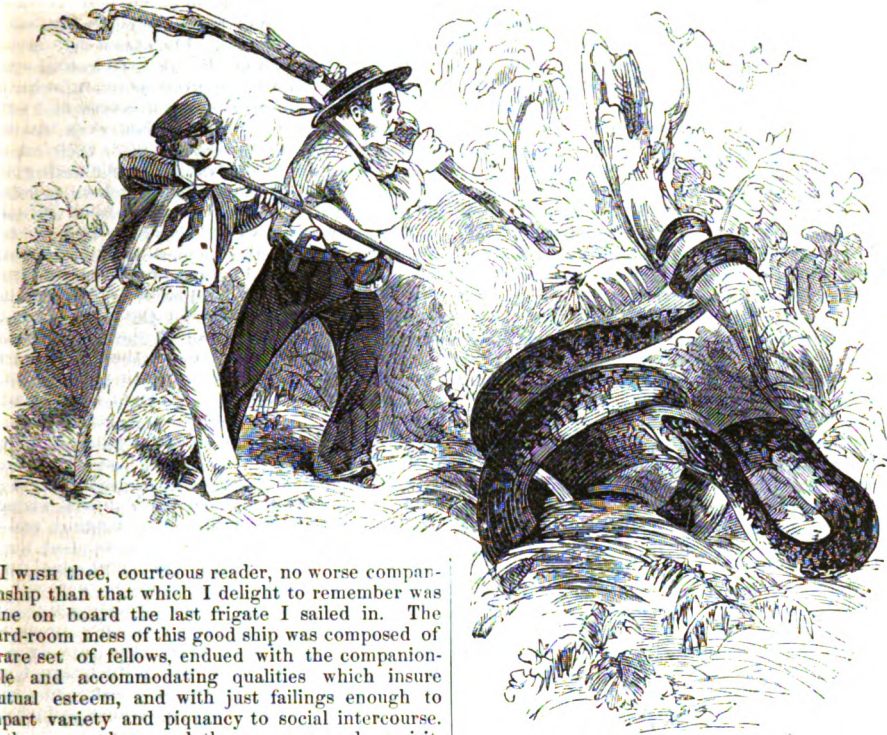
Having concluded this masterly appeal to the reason and good sense of the people, Mr. Flam withdrew, under nine distinct rounds of applause.

VALUE OF AN OATH.—The late Mr. Bush used to tell the following story of a brother barrister:—As the coach was about to start after breakfast, the modest limb of the law approached the landlady, a pretty Quakeress, who was seated near the fire, and

said he could not think of going without first giving her a kiss. "Friend," said she, "thee must not do it." "Oh, by heavens, I will!" replied the barrister. "Well, friend, as thou hast sworn, thee may do it; but thee must not make a practice of it."

MESS-TABLE CHAT.

BY A. A. HARWOOD, U. S. N. 1840.



I wish thee, courteous reader, no worse comparison than that which I delight to remember was mine on board the last frigate I sailed in. The ward-room mess of this good ship was composed of a rare set of fellows, endued with the companionable and accommodating qualities which insure mutual esteem, and with just failings enough to impart variety and piquancy to social intercourse. If there was here and there a gunpowder spirit, "jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel," he was sure to select for his fast friend some staid companion, whose leaven of good-humor would come in with counteracting influence always in time to part a fray, or some amicable wag would give so ludicrous a turn to any controversy, likely to end in a dispute, that the belligerents would shake hands, take a glass of wine together, and be better friends than ever. Then they were men "tried and tutored in the world," whose asperities had undergone that degree of attrition which leads men to cultivate a spirit of mutual accommodation and forbearance, as the best means of securing their own share of comfort. Their wanderings, too, had stored their minds with stirring incident and varied information. It is true the latter was rather miscellaneous than profound; but it made up in amusing variety what it wanted in depth. Thus it happened that whenever accident or the purposes of refecton brought two or more together in the ward-room, they almost invariably resolved themselves into a sort of *conversazione* where topics were discussed as various as the characters which composed this circle of cosmopolites or the far regions they had inhabited. As these debates took place generally at meal-times, the arrangement of the table and the style of preparing the viands became a fruitful source of disquisition, and the proposition of something new in the way of cookery, a never-failing subject of rival-

ry. Besides the usual solidities of beef, mutton, etc., which kept their places through the suffrage of the unsophisticated portion of the mess, or were merely offerings at the shrine of "old custom," culinary novelties made their appearance daily, under the auspices of some one of the fraternity, whose reminiscences of foreign hospitalities furnished recipes for the favorite dish of almost every nation under the sun. At length, having discussed in turn pilaus, keebauks, ollas, and a legion of gallimaufrys not mentioned in the classic pages of Kitchner and Ude, the cook's brain became completely addled by the elaborate and conflicting directions bestowed upon him; and the caterer grew restive under the interferences which he discovered were gradually encroaching upon his prerogative. He determined, as the Persian would say, to put the bit of restraint between the teeth of innovation, before his authority should be unhorsed and trampled under foot. An opportunity soon offered to execute this prudent resolution. The third lieutenant, Mr. Wagnazard, who had cruised in the South Seas, and exhibited a cocoa-nut tree tattooed upon his arm as a sort of patent of nobility as well as an evidence of his having been adopted by an insular chief, out of gratitude no doubt for these enviable distinctions, insisted upon having a dish of *baked dog* served up in the Sandwich Island style, in the shell of a mam-

moth pumpkin, which the steward had purchased at the instance of a New Englander, to make a thanksgiving pudding. Mr. Peleg Weatherall resisted this misapplication of his favorite esculent with the energy of a descendant of the pilgrim fathers, urging the right of property and the priority of intention; while Wagmazard, on the other hand, argued ingeniously upon the utility of experiment and the diffusion of useful knowledge; and artfully addressed himself to the deep-rooted love of variety and gastronomic lore which prevailed in the mess. The dispute waxed warm on both sides, and a spirit of faction invaded the general repose. The disputants gradually increasing as the adherents of either party joined their favorite leader, talked loudly and vaguely of "reserved rights" and "constitutional privileges," "despotic domination" and "republican simplicity," and the presiding functionary, Progwell, having in vain interposed his authority to allay the popular excitement, proclaimed the mess in a state of revolution.

The juncture was critical; the community, torn by conflicting opinions, was suddenly divided into the "whole dog party," the "no dog party," and the "national-thanksgiving-pudding party;" and in the fervor of dispute the opponents had almost forgotten the loss they were about to incur by the abdication of their presiding officer, and the inevitable relapse that would ensue, into anarchy and misrule. The purser, a skilful diplomatist, stepped forward at this crisis and averted the threatened danger. He declared himself of the code "*juste milieu*," and proposed a compromise by which he thought these adverse interests might be reconciled. He moved, accordingly, that the disputed pumpkin be equally divided, that the national dish be duly prepared of one half of the same, while the remaining moiety should be given over to the Polynesian travellers; with this proviso, however, that while the style of the dish might be Hawaiian, it should be left to the discriminating taste of the august caterer to select a substitute for the obnoxious article, dog's flesh.

The day after the restoration of tranquillity and harmony, the mess-table was arranged with unusual ceremony in honor of the occasion. A clean, *shore-washed* table-cloth was spread, and the ill-assorted sea-set of crockery, made up of the odds and ends which had survived the wreck of sundry memorable gales, gave place to an unsullied service of white porcelain from "sunny France," which the prudent Progwell usually reserved for state occasions. Holiday decanters of cut glass, filled with the generous vintage of Madeira, graced the corners of the table, in addition to the every-day supply of red astringencies from Spain and the Balearic Islands. There was, moreover, a display of "prevent," which, though it might be said rather to embrace the substantial of sea fare than the delicacies of the season, was nevertheless well calculated to find favor in the eyes of guests whose "good digestion" pretty generally "waited upon appetite." There was, in the first place, a roast pig in the attitude of scampering off with a potato in his mouth; then, a dish of dumb-fish facetiously called Cape Cod turkey; another, containing a dry mahogany-looking lump of salt beef; *acquetici* "junk," *gallice* "*réistance*:" a long-treasured Virginia ham, pegged over with cloves, "spotted like the pard" with numerous dashes of black pepper, and garnished

round the hock with a ruffle of white paper. Last, not least in the dear love of the reconciled parties, the thanksgiving pudding, and the substitute for the canine delicacy of Hawaii. Much judgment was evinced by the steward in supplying a satisfactory ingredient, and it was whispered that he did not venture to act in so delicate an affair without first obtaining the advice of the ingenious commissary.

However that may be, his choice fell upon a veteran rooster, who had been spared from the merciless knife of the cook, while scores of younger cacklers had been served up in fricassees and other devices too numerous to mention, even to their combs and gills, which regularly made their appearance as a sort of Gallic *entrémet* to the undisguised horror of the master and chaplain, whose primitive palates held all such *cozcombal* tricks of the cook, as they jocosely called them, in utter abomination. As to chanticleer, the keeper of the live stock, "Jemmy Ducks," had long ceased to regard him as worthy of his solicitude, and he was suffered to lead a kind of vagabond life about the "Noah's Ark," amidst, picking up here and there a precarious grain that was flirited out from the troughs of his compatriots in the coop; or might be seen, whole days together, perched upon a projecting spade or broom-handle, exhibiting that crest-fallen air of *abandon* peculiar to all bipeds, feathered or not, who have imbibed a thorough disgust for the sea. The gallant ruff of plumage which graced his neck, in his palmy days upon his native dunghill, and was wont to expand with high-pressure valor at the approach of an enemy or a rival, now, alas! would not have afforded a single hackle wherewith the most ingenious angler could fabricate a fly. That clear, heroic crow, by which he once proclaimed the dawn or heralded a victory, had now dwindled to a poor cackle of discontent. He had not even spirit enough left to resent the insolence of a bleary-eyed intemperate-looking Muscovy duck, which used to jostle him, eyeing him askance as he paddled by with the air of contempt that I have seen an old bow-legged sailor regard an unhappy landsman of broken fortunes, who, having taken to salt water late in life, sat brooding in gloomy abstraction over an accumulation of sea miseries. At last the woe-begone knight of the roost was missed from his accustomed perch, on the morning of the festive occasion, which has been the subject of our long digression. Conjecture was busy as to his probable fate; for, it should be remarked, that the manner of his demise was a state secret, imparted only to a select few. He had perhaps mustered strength enough to fly to the bridle port, and commit a "*felo de se*," or he had been poached by the captain of the waist, who had a liquorish tooth, and had been heard to wonder how the old rooster would go in a *lobacouse*. Few, and those only the initiated, recognised him as he was placed on the table in his pumpkin sarcophagus; and the rest, whose "ignorance was bliss," discussed him with appetites which proved they little knew how important a problem in the art of cookery had been solved in relaxing his tendons and mollifying his integuments. So effectually had these desirable ends been obtained by the Sandwich Island process, that even Dabchick, the master, though by no means an advocate of innovation of any kind, was one of the first to propose that the thanks of the mess be awarded to Wagmazard for the introduction of an agreeable and substantial dish. Having carried his motion

sem. con., as motions are apt to be carried after dinner, he proceeded, as soon as the cloth was removed, to emphasize his approbation by asking the Polynesian traveller to take wine.

The master had a peculiar way of performing that ceremony; watching a *smooth*, as he technically expressed it, he would arrest the decanter in one of its revolutions round the table, and grasping it firmly by the neck, as if he feared some defeat of his intention, he kept a steady aim, over the top of the bottle, at the person he designed to compliment, without saying a word until he perceived his purpose was recognized.

"Dabchick will drink your health, Wagmazard," said Progwell, "he has had you at pointblank, with his tompion out, this half hour. Allow me to make a third?"

"With all my heart," replied Wagmazard—"beg pardon, master; here's promotion and prize-money."

To this sentiment, which had long ceased to produce any responsive feeling in the master's heart, deadened as it was by "hope deferred," he simply nodded, tossing off mechanically the contents of his wine-glass. "I was thinking, Wagmazard," said he, "that you must have sailed some time or other with Mangem, who was a mess-mate of mine during the war, when he was a lieutenant, and I was what I am still, a log-line measurer and a log-book historian. He was a capital officer, and as good a seaman as ever squinted to windward in a squall; but he had one failing; he was omnivorous. Whatever could be caught at sea or on shore, whether fish, flesh, fowl, or reptile, he was sure to smuggle into the next day's dinner; and he managed to disguise it so, if it happened to be out of the common way, that there was no telling a rat from a young rabbit, or an eel from a serpent. His theory was, that every thing living was eatable but a turkey-buzzard; and he was only prevailed upon to admit this single exception after a long series of experiments. He tried hard the whole cruise to convert me to his way of thinking; but I never touched any *made dishes* until we parted company at his promotion. He was a rum caterer, that Mangem."

"I did sail with Mangem," replied Wagmazard, "and I never expect to sail with a better commander; and although, as you have observed, he was somewhat omnivorous, he knew how to handle his ship, and fight his guns; and whenever duty did not prevent, was always exploring out-of-the-way places, so that we had lots of fun, hunting and fishing, and all that sort of thing. Nothing tickled the captain's fancy so much as the acquisition of some strange animal, especially if it was of the monkey tribe, for he always persisted, notwithstanding the protestations of the doctor to the contrary, that Jacko belonged to the genus *homo*, being somewhat inclined to Lord Monboddos' way of thinking, that originally both species had tails, but that in man that appendage had been worn off by a long perseverance in sedentary habits. This opinion was very near being confirmed by a report of the quarter-master of the watch, who declared that he saw a large baboon with a basket under his arm, fishing for crabs with a crooked stick; it turned out, however, to be an old sun-dried negro, who only wanted a tail to pass for a monkey upon closer inspection.

"Mayweed and I, on account of our rambling propensities, became prime favorites with Mangem,

who used frequently to be of our party. Many a good tramp have we had together, the skipper and I equipped with our shooting and fishing tackle, and the doctor rigged out in his quaker-cut coat, with ample pockets crammed with minerals and shells, and his broad-brimmed Guayaquil sombrero studded with impaled bugs and butterflies. I could tell you of a striking adventure we had in South America; but this unbelieving master of ours would set it down, like enough, as a *fish story*."

"Never mind the old infidel," said Progwell, "we'll fine him the I. C. if he opens his lips."

"Go ahead with the yarn, Waggy," said Dabchick, "I'll promise not to gainsay a word of it; as to the matter of belief, you know, in the free country we came from, every liberty is allowed in that particular, provided we don't doubt aloud when we differ from our neighbors; the thing is as well understood as the privilege of going barefoot when a man has no shoes."

"You'll promise to keep within constitutional bounds, then," said the traveller.

"I'll not think louder than the sigh of your sweetheart, as sure as my first son shall be called Wagmazard Dabchick," replied the master.

"The adventure happened then, as I said before, at one of the unfrequented harbors on the coast of South America, with a long Indian name which I can't call to mind just now; no matter, it was a beautiful place. The port, though not large, was snug, with good anchorage behind a couple of small islands, which broke off the sea, and afforded fine shelter in the hurricane season. A fresh-water river emptied itself at the head of the bay, and there was wood in abundance in every direction. As soon, therefore, as we moored ship, the boats were hoisted out, the wood and watering gangs were sent on shore, and the gunner's and carpenter's crew were landed with such articles of their several departments as wanted repair. The usual exploring party, reinforced by a half-dozen of the midshipmen, resumed their amusement of beating the bush. We found the game so abundant that we got almost tired of popping it over; and as to all sorts of tropical fruits, we had only to turn to and pelt the monkeys on the trees, to get a shower in return of such variety and flavor—but I won't make your mouths water by enumerating them particularly.

"I must tell you, however, that we were not without some fear in traversing the woods; the natives having told us, among other wonders of the place, of a snake some fifty feet long, that had a way of making himself up into a Flemish coil upon the branches of a tree, where he waited an opportunity of dropping down upon any contemplative gentleman, who might chance to select the vicinity of his roost as the scene of his pastoral meditation, embracing him with a cordiality altogether more fervid than agreeable. The captain had no sooner heard of this monster than he determined, if possible, to make a prize of him. A trap was at once contrived for him, such as is used to catch raccoons with in Virginia, by bending down a stout sapling and rigging it with a running bowline and the sort of apparatus the boys call a figure four; this was well baited for several days in succession; but it was soon evident that *snaky* was not to be had in that way; in fact, we noosed nothing but one of the skirts of Mayweed's broad-tailed coat, which was whipped off as he accidentally sprung the trap, in stooping to gather a rare specimen of botany for his herba-



rium. After the accident, we abandoned our device in despair, leaving the rapt portion of the doctor's favorite garment fluttering in the breeze, a trophy of our discomfiture. We began to suspect the people had been humming us, when the day before we were to sail, I left the captain and Mayweed fishing from the banks of a small lagoon, situated near the head of the harbor, and struck for the woods, with Billy Rivers, one of the midshipmen of my watch. The youngster and I had just cleared a patch of cultivated ground, when we were startled by a hissing noise, like the blowing off of steam, and saw within a few yards of us a boa between twenty and thirty feet long, which might have well been taken for twice that length by any one who had merely measured him with the eye. His forked tongue vibrated with the rapidity of chain-lightning, and his eyes shone as fiery as a bit of charcoal under the operation of a blowpipe. There was no time to reflect, no chance to retreat, and the reptile decidedly meant to give fight. We had but one fowling-piece between us, which Rivers carried, and that was charged only with small shot. Telling him not to fire until I got ready, I jerked a long pole of India-rubber wood from the fence close at hand; the youngster blazed away right in the face and eyes of the serpent; we both boarded in the smoke with all the rancor of true descendants of Mother Eve; and before the enemy had time to recover from his astonishment, a lucky blow on the spine so disabled him that we despatched him at our leisure."

"You're sure it was an India-rubber pole that you gave the fatal blow with?" said the purser, looking out of his room again.

"Caoutchouc, so called, in those parts," replied Wagmazard; "you know it grows there as thick as pine trees in New Jersey. I should guess there might have been a mile square enclosed by a Virginia fence made of it."

"Circumstantial and minute again," exclaimed Progwell; "gentlemen, interruptions are positively tabooed."

"Go on, Wagmazard," said the commissary; "I only asked for information."

"Rivers and I," continued the narrator, "were of course proud of having slain the redoubtable serpent, and returned to the lagoon immediately to announce our victory. There we found Mangem and the doctor laying their heads together to entrap an enormous alligator, which had just shown his head above water at the barking of a spaniel they had with them. The captain was highly delighted with our exploit, and ordered some of the watering party to bring down the prize, while the youngster and I, elated by our recent conquest, made bold to proffer our assistance and advice as to the best mode of capturing the alligator. Mayweed reminded us that he was the leviathan of the book of Job, and that we could not put 'a hook in his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn;' but we decided that by good seamanship we might rouse him ashore and bring him to close quarters, if we could only find means to get a purchase upon him. Several schemes were proposed and rejected; at last I hit upon a contrivance which the master may clap down among his *mems*. under the head of 'How to catch a crocodile.'"

Dabchick only noticed this remark by a contortion of countenance, such as a schoolboy makes who has bitten an unripe persimmon; he was evidently suppressing an inclination to think aloud.

"The device was as follows," continued Wagmazard. "We first rigged a line with a coil of two-and-a-half inch rope with a few feet of chain at the end of it; the chain was made fast to the middle of a short iron crow, and stopped out to the end of it by a lizard of spun yarn, just strong enough to keep the bar perpendicular until the alligator should gorge it, when a smart jerk would bring it athwartships in his maw by parting the stop, and there we should have him toggled so that we could haul him ashore. The bar was then baited with three or four solid pieces of pork, and the line thrown into the lagoon with a billet of wood about two fathoms from the bait, for a buoy. This done, we stepped back some distance from the bank, to watch the float, and kept the launch's crew at hand to extract our amphibious friend from one of his elements, in order to attack him with advantage on that which was common to both parties. We had hardly waited a quarter of an hour when the water began to mantle,—then the buoy trembled slightly, and at last a broad dimple on the surface of the lagoon announced 'a glorious nibble;' another more decided bob made the doctor exclaim, 'how very exciting;' and the men were for running away with the line before the time, but the captain restrained them by an order to wait for the word. An instant afterwards the float disappeared slowly, making its course under water by a wake on the surface, which, with the tautening of the line, showed that the monster had gorged the bait and was making for the opposite shore. 'Now's your chance, my lads!' shouted Mangem, 'walk away together!' And away went the men with a cheer that made every thing ring again. The lagoon boiled like a pot for a moment, then out came the alligator high and dry upon the bank, mowing long swarths of cane and shrubbery with his tail, right and left, on his way up. A few good turns with the end of the line were caught over the stump of a tree, and the action began in earnest. The monster, as soon as he found there was no backing out, defended him-

self like a hero, keeping up a brisk fire of language composed of pebbles and dirt, and levelling every thing that came within the sweep of his nether extremity; while he was assailed by our party from every quarter with clubs, stones, and boat-hooks, and in short, any thing we could lay our hands upon. The fight raged furiously for about twenty minutes, till at length stratagem and superior force prevailed, and our enemy died, 'game to the last,' leaving his assailants, especially Billy Rivers and myself, covered with mud and glory.

"Nothing now remained to be done but to strip the boa and the alligator of their skins, which it was at once resolved should be preserved as trophies of the day's success. The doctor was a skilful taxidermist, and the boat's crew undertook the operation under his direction. The coxswain started off to get a quantity of corrosive sublimate from the apothecary of a village close by; and Rivers went to the ship, and soon returned with a bankrupt glass-blower, who belonged to the after-guard, and

was skilled in the manufacture of artificial eyes. An hour before sunset, the flesh of the vanquished was cut into strips, as Mangem had requested, to be cured in the way the South Americans prepare their jerked beef; and the skins were stuffed and put into attitudes as fierce and natural as life, and deposited on the rafters of a deserted wigwam at the watering-place."

"I suppose," said Dabchick, breaking silence at last, "they were presented with all due ceremony to the Museum at Philadelphia, or the Academy of Natural Sciences!"

"There you're out of your reckoning, master; they were eaten up that very night."

"Eaten up! By what?"

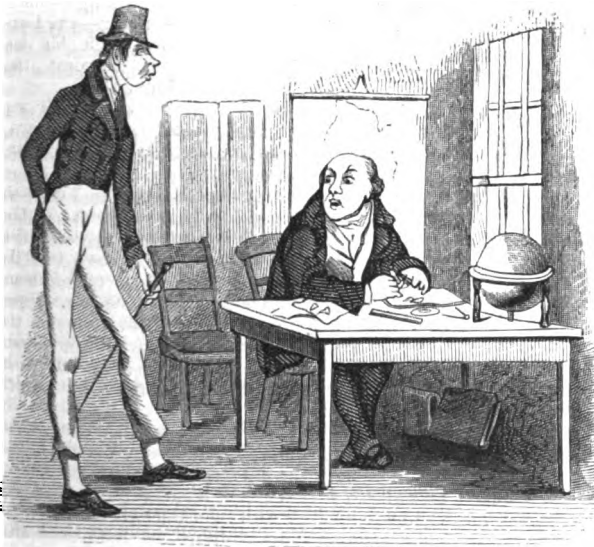
"Yes; every scale of them; by the *white ants*."

"What, crowbar and all?"

"No, they did leave the *crowbar and a link or two of the chain; but not a ropeyarn of the two-and-a-half inch*."

PICTORIAL HUMOR.

FROM "SCRAPS." BY D. C. JOHNSTON. 1840.



A LAUDABLE THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Well, young man, your business?

Why, I heerd as how you teach navigation, so I tho't I'd come in and larn it this arternoon, cause I'm goin' to sea in the mornin', daddy's cap-ting and I'm mate.



VERY COLD; MERCURY FREEZING.

By Jupiter, I must get a pair of pants; it's cold enough to freeze Styx.

NATIONALITY.—An Italian, travelling in company with a true son of New England, remarked with much enthusiasm in his foreign accent, "Sar, you have no delights in America that we have in Italy. We have there, sar, the beautiful sky—the fine landscape. We have there, sar, Vesuvius, that sends its fire to the heavens!" The true Yankee

boy stood it long enough—his pride came up—he turned round to the Italian before he had time to let his hands fall from their gestures of admiration for his country, and with a tone of impatience, replied, "Your Vesuvius! We've got a Niagara will put her out in five minutes!"

THE MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

BY A. B. LONGSTREET. 1840.



"Why, what upon earth ails the child? Rose, you've hurt this child somehow or other!"

"No, ma'am, 'cl' I didn't; I was just sitt'n down dar in the rockin'-chair 'long side o' Miss Nancy's bureau, an' wa'n't doin' noth'n' 't all to him, jis playin' wid him, and he jis begin to cry he-self, when nobody wa'n't doin' nothin' 't all to him, and nobody wa'n't in dar nuther sept jis me and him, and I was—"

"Nhing—nhing—nhing—and I expect you hit his head against the bureau."

"Let muddy see

WHENCE comes the gibberish which is almost invariably used by mothers and nurses to infants? Take, for example, the following, which will answer the two-fold purpose of illustrating my idea and of exhibiting one of the peculiarities of the age.

A few days ago, I called to spend an hour in the afternoon with Mr. Slang, whose wife is the mother of a child about eight months old.

While I was there, the child in the nurse's arms, in an adjoining room, began to cry.

"You Rose," said Mrs. Slang, "quiet that child." Rose walked with it, and sang to it, but it did not hush.

"You Rose! if you do not quiet that child, I lay I make you."

"I is tried, ma'am," said Rose, "an' he wouldn't get hushed." (*Child cries louder.*)

"Fetch him to me, you good-for-nothing hussy you. What's the matter with him?" reaching out her arms to receive him.

"I dun know, ma'am."

"Nhei—nhun—nho—nha'am!" (*mocking and grinning at Rose.*)

As Rose delivered the child, she gave visible signs of dodging just as the child left her arms; and, that she might not be disappointed, Mrs. Slang gave her a box, in which there seemed to be no anger mixed at all, and which Rose received *as a matter of course*, without even changing countenance under it.

"Da den!" said Mrs. Slang; "come along e muddy (mother). Did nassy Yosey (Rose) pague muddy thweety chilluns!" (*children*)—pressing the child to her bosom, and rocking it backward and forward tenderly. "Muddins will whippy ole nassy Yosey. Ah! you old uggy Yosey!" (*knocking at Rose playfully.*) "Da den; muddy did whippy bad Yosey." (*Child continues crying.*)

where ole bad Yosey knocky heady 'gin de bureaux. Muddy will see," taking off the child's cap, and finding nothing. (*Child cries on.*)

"Muddy's baby was hongry. Dat was what ails muddy's darling, thweety ones. Was cho hongry, an' nobody would givy little darling any sings't all for eaty?" (*loosing her frock bosom.*) "No, nobody would gim thweety ones any sings fo' eat 't all." (*Offers the breast to the child, who rejects it, rolls over, kicks, and screams worse than ever.*)

"Hush! you little brat! I believe it's nothing in the world but crossness. Hush!" (*shaking it.*) "hush, I tell you." (*Child cries to the NE PLUS ULTRA.*)

"Why surely a pin must stick the child. Yes, was e bad pin did ticky chilluns. Let muddy see where de uggy pin did ticky dear prettous creter!" (*examining.*) "Why no, it isn't a pin. Why what can be the matter with the child? It must have the colic, surely. Rose, go bring me the paregoric off the mantelpiece. Yes, muddy's baby did hab e tolic. Dat was what did ail muddy's prettous darly baby." (*Pressing it to her bosom and rocking it. Child cries on.*)

Rose brought the paregoric, handed it, dodged, and got her expectations realized as before.

"Now go bring me the sugar, and some water."

Rose brought them, and delivered both without the customary reward; for at that instant, the child, being laid perfectly still on the lap, hushed.

The paregoric was administered, and the child received it with only a whimper now and then. As soon as it received the medicine, the mother raised it up and it began to cry.

"Why, Lord help my soul, what's the matter with the child? What have you done to him, you little hussy?" (*rising and walking towards Rose.*)

"'Cla,' missis I cint done noth'n't all; was jis sittin' down da by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"You lie, you slut" (*hitting her a passing slap*), "I know you've hurt him. Hush, my baby" (*singing the Coquet*), "don't you cry, your sweetheart will come by m'by; da de dum dum dum day, da de dum diddle dum dum day." (*Child cries on.*)

"Lord help my soul and body, what can be the matter with my baby!" (*tears coming in her own eyes.*) "Something's the matter with it, I know it is" (*laying the child on her lap, and feeling its arms, to see whether it flinched at the touch of any particular part*). But the child cried less while she was feeling it than before.

"Yes, dat was it; wanted litt' arms yubb'd. Mud will yub its sweet little arms." (*Child begins again.*)

"What upon earth can make my baby cry so!" rising and walking to the window. (*Stops at the window, and the child hushes.*)

"Yes, dat was it: did want to look out 'e windys. See the petty chickens. O-o-o-h! look at the beauty, rooster! Yonder's old aunt Betty! See old aunt Betty, pickin' up chips. Yes, ole aunt Betty pickin' up chips fo' bake bicky (biscuit) fo' good chilluns. Good aunt Betty fo' make bicky fo' sweet baby's supper. (*Child begins again.*)

"Hoo-o-o! see de windy!" (*knocking on the window. Child screams.*)

"You Rose, what have you done to this child? You little hussy you, if you don't tell me how you hurt him, I'll whip you as long as I can find you."

"Missis, I 'cla' I never done noth'n't all to him. I was jis sett'n' down da by Miss Nancy's bu—"

"If you say 'Miss Nancy's bureau' to me again, I'll stuff Miss Nancy's bureau down your throat, you little lying slut. I'm just as sure you've hurt him as if I'd seen you. How did you hurt him?"

Here Rose was reduced to a *non plus*; for, upon the peril of having a bureau stuffed down her throat, she dare not repeat the oft-told tale, and she knew no other. She therefore stood mute.

"Julia," said Mr. Slang, "bring the child to me, and let me see if I can discover the cause of his crying."

Mr. Slang took the child, and commenced a careful examination of it. He removed its cap, and beginning at the crown of its head, he extended the search slowly and cautiously downward, accompanying the eye with the touch of the finger. He had not proceeded far in this way, before he discovered in the right ear of the child a small feather, the cause, of course, of all its wailing. The cause removed, the child soon changed its tears to smiles, greatly to the delight of all, and to none more than to Rose.

GEORGIA THEATRICALS.

BY A. B. LONGSTREET. 1840.

If my memory fail me not, the 10th of June, 1809, found me, at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, ascending a long and gentle slope in what was called "The Dark Corner" of Lincoln. I believe it took its name from the moral darkness which reigned over that portion of the county at the time of which I am speaking. If in this point of view it was but a shade darker than the rest of the county, it was inconceivably dark. If any man can name a trick or sin which had not been committed at the time of which I am speaking, in the very focus of the county's illumination (Lincolnton), he must himself be the most inventive of the tricky, and the very Judas of sinners. Since that time, however (all humor aside), Lincoln has become a living proof "that light shineth in darkness." Could I venture to mingle the solemn with the ludicrous, even for the purposes of honorable contrast, I could adduce from this county instances of the most numerous and wonderful transitions, from vice and folly to virtue and holiness, which have ever, perhaps, been witnessed since the days of the apostolic ministry. So much, lest it should be thought by some that what I am about to relate is characteristic of the county in which it occurred.

Whatever may be said of the moral condition of the Dark Corner at the time just mentioned, its natural condition was any thing but dark. It smiled in all the charms of spring; and spring borrowed a new charm from its undulating grounds, its luxuriant woodlands, its sportive streams, its vocal birds, and its blushing flowers.

Rapt with the enchantment of the season and the scenery around me, I was slowly rising the slope, when I was startled by loud, profane, and boisterous voices, which seemed to proceed from a thick covert

of undergrowth about two hundred yards in the advance of me, and about one hundred to the right of my road.

"You kin, kin you?"

"Yes, I kin, and am able to do it! Boo-oo-oo! Oh, wake snakes, and walk your chalks! Brimstone and — fire! Don't hold me, Nick Stoval! The fight's made up, and let's go at it. — my soul if I don't jump down his throat, and gallop every chit-terling out of him before you can say 'quit!'"

"Now Nick, don't hold him! Jist let the wild-cat come, and I'll tame him. Ned 'll see me a fair fight; won't you, Ned?"

"Oh, yes; I'll see you a fair fight, blast my old shoes if I don't."

"That's sufficient, as Tom Haynes said when he saw the elephant. Now let him come."

Thus they went on, with countless oaths interspersed, which I dare not even hint at, and with much that I could not distinctly hear.

In mercy's name, thought I, what band of ruffians has selected this holy season and this heavenly retreat for such Pandæmonian riots! I quickened my gait, and had come nearly opposite to the thick grove whence the noise proceeded, when my eye caught indistinctly and at intervals, through the foliage of the dwarf-oaks and hickories which intervened, glimpses of a man or men, who seemed to be in a violent struggle; and I could occasionally catch those deep-drawn emphatic oaths which men in conflict utter when they deal blows. I dismounted, and hurried to the spot with all speed. I had overcome about half the space which separated it from me, when I saw the combatants come to the ground, and after a short struggle, I saw the uppermost one (for I could not see the other) make a heavy plunge with



Engraved by John Doyle & Son by W. S. Jackson.

Joseph C. Neal.

both his thumbs, and at the same instant I heard a cry in the accent of keenest torture, "Enough! my eye's out!"

I was so completely horror-struck, that I stood transfixed for a moment to the spot where the cry met me. The accomplices in the hellish deed which had been perpetrated had all fled at my approach; at least I supposed so, for they were not to be seen.

"Now, blast your corn-shucking soul," said the victor (a youth about eighteen years old) as he rose from the ground, "come cutt'n your shins 'bout me agin, next time I come to the Courthouse, will you! Get your owl-eye in agin if you kin!"

At this moment, he saw me for the first time. He looked excessively embarrassed, and was moving off, when I called to him, in a tone emboldened by the sacredness of my office and the iniquity of his crime. "Come back, you brute! and assist me in relieving your fellow-mortal, whom you have ruined for ever!"

My rudeness subdued his embarrassment in an instant; and, with a taunting curl of the nose, he replied, "You needn't kick before you're spurred. There a'nt nobody there, nor ha'nt been nother. I was jist seein' how I could 'a' foud." So saying, he bounded to his plough, which stood in the corner of the fence about fifty yards beyond the battle ground.

And would you believe it, gentle reader! his report was true. All that I had heard and seen was nothing more nor less than a Lincoln rehearsal; in which the youth who had just left me had played all the parts of all the characters in a Courthouse fight.

I went to the ground from which he had risen,



and there were the prints of his two thumbs, plunged up to the balls in the mellow earth, about the distance of a man's eyes apart; and the ground around was broken up as if two stags had been engaged upon it.

GARDEN THEATRICALS.

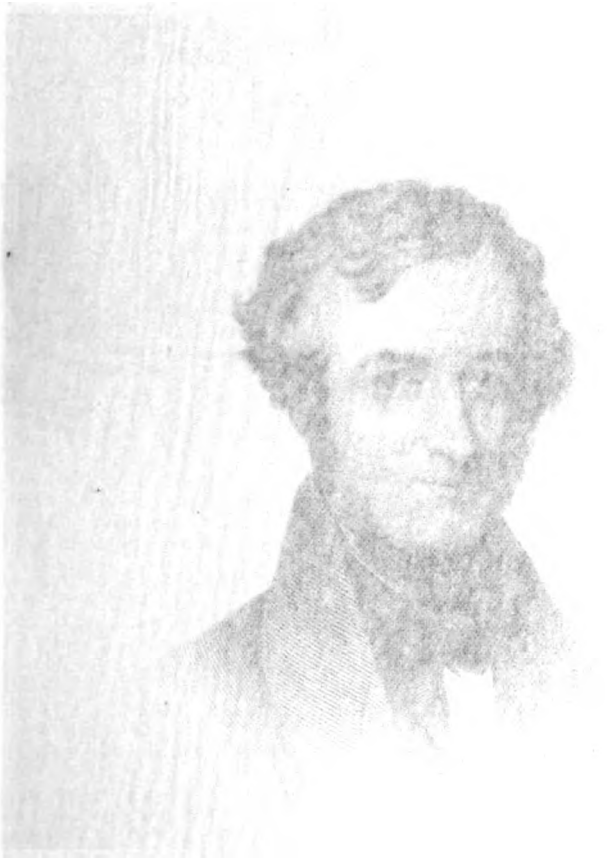
FROM "CHARCOAL SKETCHES." BY JOSEPH C. NEAL. 1840.

MAN is an imitative animal, and consequently, the distinguished success which has fallen to the lot of a few of our countrymen in the theatrical profession, has had a great effect in creating longings for histrionic honors. Of late years, *debut*s have been innumerable, and it would be a more difficult task than that prescribed by Orozambo—"to count the leaves of yonder forest"—if any curious investigator, arguing from known to unknown quantities, were to undertake the computation of the number of Roscii who have not as yet been able to effect their *coup d'essai*. In this quiet city—many as she has already given to the boards—multitudes are yet to be found, burning with ardor to "walk the plank," who, in their prospective dreams, nightly hear the timbers vocal with their mighty tread, and snuff the breath of immortality in the imaginary dust which answers to the shock. The recesses of the town could furnish forth hosts of youths who never thrust the left hand into a Sunday boot, preparatory to giving it the last polish, without jerking up the leg thereof with a Keanlike scowl, and sighing to think that it is not the well-buffed gauntlet of crook'd Richard—lads, who never don their night gear for repose, without striding thus attired across their narrow dormitory, and for the nonce, believing themselves accoutred to "go on" for Rolla, or the Pythagorean of Syracuse—two gentlemen who promenaded in "cutty sarks," and are as

indifferent about rheumatism as a Cupid horsed upon a cloud.

But in the times of which we speak, stage-struck heroes were rare. The theatrical mania was by no means prevalent. It went and came like the influenza, sometimes carrying off its victims; but they were not multitudinous. Our actors were chiefly importations. The day of native talent was yet in the gray of its morning—a few streakings or so, among the Tressels and Tyrells, but nothing tip-topping it in the zenith. There are, however, few generalities without an exception, and in those days, Theodosius Spoon had the honor to prove the rule by being an instance to the contrary.

Theodosius Spoon, called by the waggish *Teaspoon*, and supposed by his admirers to be born for a stirring fellow—one who would whirl round until he secured for himself a large share of the sugar of existence—Theodosius Spoon was named after a Roman emperor—not by traditional nomenclature, which modifies the effect of the thing, but directly "out of a history book," abridged by Goldsmith. It having been ascertained, in the first place, that the aforesaid potentate, with the exception of having massacred a few thousand innocent people one day, was a tolerably decent fellow for a Roman emperor, he was therefore complimented by having his name bestowed upon a Spoon. It must not, however, be thought that the sponsors were so san-



My dear Sir



JOSEPH C. MEAL

Joseph C. Meal.

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guine as to entertain a hope that their youthful charge would ever reach the purple. Their aspirations did not extend so far; but being moderate in their expectations, they acted on the sound and well established principle, that as fine feathers make fine birds, fine names, to a certain extent, must have an analogous effect—that our genius should be educated, as it were, by the appellation bestowed upon us; and that we should be so sagaciously designated that to whatever height fortune leads, fame, in speaking of us, may have a comfortable mouthful, and we have no cause under any circumstances to blush for our name. Mr. and Mrs. Spoon—wise people in their way—reasoned in the manner referred to. They were satisfied that a sonorous handle to one's patronymic acts like a balloon to its owner, and that an emaciated, every-day, threadbare cognomen—a Tom, Dick, and Harry denomination—is a mere dipsey, and must keep a man at the bottom. Coming to the application of the theory, they were satisfied that the homely though useful qualities of the spoon would be swallowed up in the superior attributes of Theodosius. That this worthy pair were right in the abstract is a self-evident proposition. Who, for instance, can meet with a Napoleon Bonaparte Mugg, without feeling that when the said Mugg is emptied of its spirit, a soul will have exhaled, which, had the gate of circumstance opened the way, would have played foot-ball with monarchs, and have wiped its brogues upon empires? An Archimedes Pippis is clearly born to be a "screw," and to operate extensively with "burning glasses," if not upon the fleets of a Marcellus, at least upon his own body corporate. While Franklin Pippis, if in the mercantile line, is pretty sure to be a great flier of kites, and a speculator in vapors, and such like fancy stocks. If the Slinkums call their boy Cæsar, it follows as a natural consequence that the puggish disposition of the family nose will, in his case, gracefully curve into the aquiline, and that the family propensity for the Fabian method of getting out of a scrape, will be Cæsarized into a valor, which at its very aspect would set "All Gaul" into a quake. Who can keep little Diogenes Doubikens out of a tub, or prevent him from scrambling into a hog-head, especially if sugar is to be gathered in the interior. Even Chesterfield Gruff is half disposed to be civil, if he thinks he can gain by so unnatural a course of proceeding; and every body is aware that Crichton Dunderpate could do almost any thing, if he knew how, and if, by a singular fatality, all his fingers were not thumbs.

Concurrent testimony goes to prove that the son of a great man is of necessity likewise great—the children of a *blanchisseuse*, or of a house-scrubber, have invariably clean hands and faces; schoolmasters are very careful to imbue their offspring with learning; and, if we are not mistaken, it has passed into a proverb that the male progeny of a clergyman, in general, labor hard for the proud distinction of being called "hopeful youths and promising youngsters." The corollary, therefore, flows from this, as smoothly as water from a hydrant, that he who borrows an illustrious name is in all probability charged to the brim, *ipso facto*, with the qualities whereby the real owner was enabled to render it illustrious—qualities, which only require opportunity and the true position to blaze up in spontaneous combustion, a beacon to the world. And thus Theodosius Spoon, in his course through life, could scarcely be other-

wise than, if not an antique Roman, at least an "antic rum 'un;" his sphere of action might be circumscribed, but he could not do otherwise than make a figure.

Our Spoon—his parents being satisfied with giving him a euphonous name—was early dipped into the broad bowl of the world to spoon for himself. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker to learn the art and mystery of stretching "uppers" and of shaping "unders." But, for this employment, as it was merely useful and somewhat laborious, he had no particular fancy. Whether it was owing to the influence of his name or not, we cannot pretend to say, but, like Jaffier and many other worthy individuals, he was much troubled with those serious inconveniences termed "elegant desires." Young as he was, his talent for eating was aldermanic; aristocracy itself might have envied his somnolent performances in the morning; while, if fun or mischief were afoot, no watch-dog could better encounter prolonged vigils, and no outlying cat could more silently and skilfully crawl in at a back window than he, when returning from his nocturnal perambulations. His genius for lounging, likewise, when he should have been at work, was as remarkable as his time-consuming power when sent on an errand. He could seem to do more, and yet perform less, than any lad of his inches in the town; and, being ordered out on business, it was marvellous to see the swiftness with which he left the shop, and the rapidity of his immediate return to it, contrasted with the great amount of time consumed in the interval. With these accomplishments, it is not surprising that Theodosius Spoon was discontented with his situation. He yearned to be an embellishment—not a plodding letter, valuable only in combination, but an ornamental flourish, beautiful and graceful in itself; and, with that self-reliance peculiar to genius, he thought that the drama opened a short cut to the summit of his desires. Many a time, as he leaned his elbow on the lapstone, and reposed his chin upon his palm, did his work roll idly to the floor, while he gazed with envious eyes through the window at the playbills which graced the opposite corner, and hoped that the time would come when the first night of Theodosius Spoon would be thereupon announced, in letters as large as if he were a histrionic ladle. Visions of glory—of crowded houses—of thundering plaudits—of full pockets—of pleasant nights, and of day lounges up and down Chestnut Street, the wonder of little boys and focus of all eyes,—floated vividly across his imagination. How could he, who bore the name of a Roman emperor, dream of being elsewhere than at the topmost round of fortune's ladder, when he had seen others there, who, subjected to mental comparison, were mere rushlights compared to himself?

Filled with these gorgeous imaginings, our Spoon became metamorphosed into a spout, pouring forth streams of elocution by night and by day, and, though continually corking his frontispiece to try the expression in scenes of wrath, it soon became evident that his powers could not remain bottled in a private station. When a histrionic inclination ferments so noisily that its fizzling disturbs the neighborhood, it requires little knowledge of chemistry to decide that it must have vent, or an explosion will be the consequence; and such was the case in the instance in which we speak. The oratorical powers of Theodosius Spoon were truly

terrible, and had become, during occasional absence of the "boss," familiar to every one within a square.

An opportunity soon afforded itself. Those Philadelphians, who were neither too old nor too young, when Theodosius Spoon flourished, to take part in the amusements of the town, do not require to be told that for the delectation of their summer evenings, the city then rejoiced in a Garden Theatre, which was distinguished from the winter houses by the soft Italian appellation of the Tivoli. It was located in Market, near Broad Street, in those days a species of *rus in urbe*, improvement not having taken its westward movement; and before its brilliancy was for ever extinguished, the establishment passed through a variety of fortunes, furnishing to the public entertainment as various, and giving to the stage many a "regular" whose first essay was made upon its boards.

At this period, so interesting to all who study the history of the drama, lived one Typus Tympan, a printer's devil, who "cronied" with Spoon, and had been the first to give the "reaching of his soul" an inclination stageward. Typus worked in a newspaper office, where likewise the bills of the Garden Theatre were printed, and *par consequence*, Typus was a critic, with the *entrées* of the establishment, and an occasional order for a friend. It was thus that Spoon's genius received the Promethean spark, and started into life. By the patronizing attentions of Typus, he was no longer compelled to gaze from afar at the members of the company as they clustered after rehearsal, of a sunny day, in front of the theatre, and varied their smokings by transitions from the "long nine" to the real Havana, according to the condition of the treasury, or the state of the credit system. Our hero now nodded familiarly to them all, and by dint of soleing, heel-tapping, and other small jobs in the leather way, executed during the periods of "overwork" for Mr. Julius Augustus Winkins, was admitted to the personal friendship of that illustrious individual. Some idea of the honor thus conferred, may be gathered from

the fact that Mr. Winkins himself constituted the entire male department of the operatic corps of the house. He grumbled the bass, he warbled the tenor, and, when necessary, could squeak the "counter" in beautiful perfection. All that troubled this magazine of vocalism was, that although he could manage a duet easily enough, soliloquizing a chorus was rather beyond his capacity, and he was therefore often compelled to rely upon the audience at the Garden, who, to their credit be it spoken, scarcely needed a hint upon such occasions. On opera nights, they generally volunteered their services to fill out the harmony, and were so abundantly obliging, that it was difficult to teach them where to stop. In his private capacity—when he was *ex-officio* Winkins—he did the melancholico-Byronic style of man—picturesque, but "suffering in his innards,"—to the great delight of all the young ladies who dwelt in the vicinity of the Garden. When he walked forth, it was with his slender frame inserted in a suit of black, rather the worse for wear, but still retaining a touching expression, softened, but not weakened, by the course of time. He wore his shirt collars turned down over a kerchief in the "fountain tie," about which there is a Tyburn pathos, irresistible to a tender heart; and with his well-oiled and raven locks puffed out *en masse* on the left side of his head, he declined his beaver over his dexter eye until its brim kissed the corresponding ear. A profusion of gilt chain travelled over his waistcoat, and a multitude of rings of a dubious aspect encumbered his fingers. In this interesting costume did Julius Augustus Winkins, in his leisure moments, play the abstracted, as he leaned gracefully against the pump, while obliquely watching the effect upon the cigar-making demoiselles who operated over the way, and who regarded Julius as quite a love, decidedly the romantic thing.

Winkins was gracious to Spoon, partly on the account aforesaid, and because both Spoon and Tympan were capital *claquers*, and invariably secured him an encore, when he warbled "Love has eyes," and the other rational ditties in vogue at that period.

Now it happened that business was rather dull at the Garden, and the benefit season of course commenced. The hunting up of novelties was prosecuted with great vigor; even the learned pig had starred at it for once; and as the Winkins night approached, Julius Augustus determined to avail himself of Spoon for that occasion, thinking him likely to draw, if he did not succeed, for in those days of primitive simplicity first appearances had not ceased to be attractive. The edge not being worn off, they



were sure to be gratifying, either in one way or the other.

It was of a warm Sunday afternoon that this important matter was broached. Winkins, Spoon, and Tympan sat solacing themselves in a box at the Garden, puffing their cigars, sipping their liquid refreshment, and occasionally nibbling at three crackers brought in upon a large waiter, which formed the substantials of the entertainment. The discourse ran upon the drama.

"Theo, my boy!" said Winkins, putting one leg on the table, and allowing the smoke to curl about his nose, as he cast his coat more widely open, and made the accost friendly.

"Spoon, my son!" said Winkins, being the advance paternal of that social warrior, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar with a flirt of his little finger.

"Spooney, my tight 'un!"—the assault irresistible.—"how would you like to go it in uncle Billy Shakspeare, and tip the natives the last hagony in the tragics?" Winkins put his other leg on the table, assuming an attitude both of superiority and encouragement.

"Oh, gammin!" ejaculated Spoon, blushing, smiling, and putting the forefinger of his left hand into his mouth. "Oh, get out!" continued he, casting down his eyes with the modest humility of untried, yet self-satisfied genius.

"Not a bit of it—I'm as serious as an empty barn—got the genius—want the chance—my benefit—two acts of anything—cut mugs—up to snuff—down upon 'em—fortune made—that's the go."

"It's our opinion,—we think, Theodosius," observed Typus Tympan, with editorial dignity, as he emphatically drew his cuff across the lower part of his countenance, "we think, and the way we know what's what, because of our situation, is singler—standing, as we newspaper folks do, on the shot tower of society—that now's your time for gittin' astraddle of public opinion, and for riding it like a hoss. Jist such a chance as you've been wantin'. As the French say, all the *beau monde* come to Winkins's benefit; and if the old man won't go a puff leaded, why we'll see to havin' it sneaked in, spread so thick about genius and all, that it will draw like a blister—we will, even if we get licked for it."

"T'won't do," simpered Spoon, as he blushed brown, while the expression of his countenance contradicted his words. "T'won't do. How am I to get a dress—s'pose boss catches me at it? Besides, I'm too stumpy for tragedy, and anyhow I must wait till I'm cured of my cold."

"It will do," returned Winkins, decisively; "and tragedy's just the thing. There are, sir, varieties in tragedy—by the new school, it's partitioned off in two grand divisions. High tragedy of the most helevated description," (Winkins always *hapi-rated* when desirous of being emphatic,) "high tragedy of the most helevated and hexalted kind should be represented by a gentleman short of statue, and low comedy should be sustained by a gentleman tall of statue. In the one case, the higher the part, the lower the hactor, and in the other case, *vizy wreezy*. It makes light and shade between the sentiment and the performer, and jogs the attention by the power of contrast. The hintellectual style of playing likewise requires crooked legs."

"We think, then, our friend is decidedly calkilated to walk into the public. There's a good deal of circumbendibus about Spoon's game—he's got

serpentine trotters, splendid for crooked streets, or goin' round a corner," interpolated Typus, jocularly.

"There's brilliancy about crooked legs," continued Winkins, with a reproving glance at Typus. "The monotony of straight shanks answers well enough for genteel comedy and opera; but corkscrew legs prove the mind to be too much for the body; therefore, crooked legs, round shoulders and a shovel nose for the heccentricities of the hintellectual tragics. Audiences must have it queered into 'em; and as for a bad cold, why it's a professional blessing in that line of business, and saves a tragedian the trouble of sleeping in a wet shirt to get a sore throat. Blank verse, to be himpressive, must be frogged—it must be groaned, grunted, and gasped—bring it out like a three-pronged grinder, as if body and soul were parting. There's nothing like asthmatic elocution, and spasmodic emphasis, for touching the sympathies, and setting the feelings on edge. A terrier dog in a pucker is a good study for anger, and always let the spectator see that sorrow hurts you. There's another style of tragedy—the physical school—"

"That must be a dose," ejaculated Typus, who was developing into a wag.

"But you're not big enough, or strong enough for that. A physical must be able to outmuscle ten blacksmiths, and bite the head off a poker. He must commence the play hawfully, and keep piling on the hagony till the close, when he must keel up in an hexcruciating manner, flip-flopping it about the stage as he defuncts, like a new-caught sturgeon. He should be able to hagonize other people too, by taking the biggest fellow in the company by the scuff of the neck, and shaking him at arm's length, till all the hair drops from his head, and then pitch him across with a roar loud enough to break the windows. That's the menageric method. The physical must always be on the point of bursting his boiler, yet he mustn't burst it; he must stride and jump as if he would tear his trousers, yet he mustn't tear 'em; and when he grabs anybody, he must leave the marks of his paws for a week. It's smashing work, but it won't do for you, Spooney; you're little, black-muzzled, queer in the legs, and have got a cold; nature and sleeping with the windows open have done wonders in making you fit for the hintellectuals, and you shall tip 'em the sentimental in Hamlet."

Parts of this speech were not particularly gratifying to Spoon; but, on the whole, it jumped with his desires, and the matter was clinched. Winkins trained him; taught him when and where to come the "hagony;" when and where to cut "terrific mugs" at the pit; when and where to wait for the applause, and how to *chassez* an exit, with two stamps and a spring, and a glance *en arriere*.

Not long after, the puff appeared as Typus promised. The bills of the "Garden Theatre" announced the Winkins benefit, promising, among other novelties the third act of Hamlet, in which a young gentleman, his first appearance upon any stage, would sustain the character of the melancholy prince. Rash promise! fatal anticipation!

The evening arrived, and the garden was crowded. All the boys of the trade in town assembled to witness the *debut* of a brother chip, and many came because others were coming. Winkins, in a blue military frock, buttoned to the chin, white pantaloons strapped under the foot, and gesticulating with a shining black hat with white lining, borrowed ex-

pressly for the occasion, had repeated, "My love is like the red, red rose" with immense applause, when the curtain rang up, and the third act began.

The tedious prattle of those who preceded him being over, Theodosius Spoon appeared. Solemnly, yet with parched lips and a beating heart, did he advance to the footlights, and duck his acknowledgments for the applause which greeted him. His *abard*, however, did not impress his audience favorably. The black attire but ill became his short squab figure, and the "hintellectual tragicality of his legs," meandering their brief extent, like a Malay creese, gave him the aspect of an Ethiopian Bacchus dismounted from his barrel. Hamlet resembled the briefest kind of sweep, or "an erect black tadpole taking snuff."

With a fidelity to nature never surpassed, Hamlet expressed his dismay by scratching his head, and with his eyes fixed upon his toes commenced the soliloquy,—another beautiful conception,—for the prince is supposed to be speaking to himself, and his toes are as well entitled to be addressed as any other portion of his personal identity. This, however, was not appreciated by the spectators, who were unable to hear any part of the confidential communication going on between Hamlet's extremities.

"Louder, Spooney!" squeaked a juvenile voice, with a villainous twang, from a remote part of the Garden. "Keep a ladling it out strong! Who's afraid!—it's only old Tiwoly!"

"Throw it out!" whispered Winkins, from the wing. "Go it like a pair of bellowses!"

But still the pale lips of Theodosius Spoon continued quivering nothings, as he stood gasping as if about to swallow the leader of the fiddlers, and alternately raising his hands like a piece of machinery. Ophelia advanced.

"Look out, bull-frog, there comes your mammy. Please, ma'am, make little sonny say his lesson."

Bursts of laughter, shouts, and hisses resounded through the Garden. "Whooror for Spooney!" roared his friends, as they endeavored to create a diversion in his favor—"whooror for Spooney!" and wait till the skeer is worked off uv him!"

"How vu'd you like it?" exclaimed an indignant Spooneyite to a hissing malcontent; "how vu'd you like it for to have it druv' into you this 'ere vay? Vot kin a man do ven he ain't got no chance?"

As the hisser did but hiss the more vigorously on account of the remonstrance, and, jumping up, did it directly in the teeth of the remonstrant, the friend to Spooney knocked him down, and the *parquet* was soon in an uproar. "Leave him up!" cried one—"Order! put 'em down and put 'em out!" The aristocracy of the boxes gazed complacently upon the grand set-to beneath them, the boys whacked away with their clubs at the lamps, and hurled the fragments upon the stage, while Ophelia and Hamlet ran away together.

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Winkins as he rushed upon the stage, dragging after him "the rose and the expectancy of the fair state," the shrinking Theodosius,—“will you hear me for a moment?"

"Hurray for Vinkins!" replied a brawny critic, taking his club in both hands, as he hammered against the front of the boxes; "Vinkey, sing us the Bay uv Viskey, and make bull-frog dance a hornspike to the tune of it. Hurray! Twig Vinkey's new hat—make a speech Vinkey for your vite trousers!"

At length, comparative silence being restored, Mr. Winkins, red with wrath, yet suppressing his rage, delivered himself as follows—at times adroitly dodging the candle ends which had been knocked from the main chandelier, and were occasionally darted at him and his *protégé*.

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me (*dodge*) respectfully to ask one question. Did you (*dodge*) come here to admire the beauties of the drama, (*successive dodges to the right and left*), or am I to (*dodge, dodge*) to understand you came solely to kick up a bloody row?"



The effect of this insinuating inquiry had scarcely time to manifest itself, before *Monsieur le directeur en chef*, a choleric Frenchman, who made a profitable mixture of theatricals, ice cream, and other refreshments, suddenly appeared in the flat, foaming with natural anger at the results of the young gentleman's *debut*. Advancing rapidly as the "kick" rang upon his ear, he suited the action to the word, and, by a dexterous application of his foot, sent Winkins, in the attitude of a flying Mercury, clear of the orchestra, into the midst of the turbulent crowd in the pit. Three rounds of cheering followed this achievement, while Theodosius gazed in pallid horror at the active movement of his friend.

"Kick, aha! Is zat de kick, monsieur dam hoom-boog? Messieurs et mesdames, lick him good—

sump him into fee-penny beets! Sacre!" added the enraged manager, turning toward Theodosius, "I sall lick de petit hoomboog ver' good—sump him bon, nice, moi-meme—by me ownsef."

But the alarmed Theodosius, though no linguist, understood enough of this speech not to tarry for the consequences, and climbing into the boxes, while the angry manager clambered after him, he rushed through the crowd, and in the royal robes of Denmark, hurried home.

For the time, at least, he was satisfied that bearing the name of a Roman emperor did not lead to instant success on the stage, and though he rather reproached the audience with want of taste, it is not probable that he ever repeated the attempt; for he soon, in search of an "easy life" joined the patriots on the Spanish main, and was never after heard of.

THE HOOSIER AND THE SALT PILE.

BY DANFORTH MARBLE. 1840.

"I'm sorry," says Dan, as he knocked the ashes from his regalia, as he sat in a small crowd over a glass of sherry, at Florence's, New York, one evening, "I'm sorry that the stages are disappearing so rapidly; I never enjoyed travelling so well as in the slow coaches. I've made a good many passages over the Alleghanies, and across Ohio, from Cleveland to Columbus and Cincinnati, all over the South, down East, and up North, in stages, and I generally had a good time.

"When I passed over from Cleveland to Cincinnati, the last time, in a stage, I met a queer crowd—such a *corps*, such a time, you never did see; I never was better amused in my life. We had a good team—spanking horses, fine coaches, and one of them *drivers* you read of. Well, there was nine 'insiders,' and I don't believe there ever was a stage full of Christians ever started before, so chuck full of music.

"There was a beautiful young lady going to one of the Cincinnati academies; next to her sat a Jew pedler—for Cowes and a market; wedging him in was a dandy blackleg, with jewelry and chains around about his breast and neck—enough to hang him. There was myself, and an old gentleman, with large spectacles, gold-headed cane, and a jolly, soldering-iron looking nose; by him was a circus rider, whose breath was enough to breed yaller fever, and could be felt just as easy as cotton velvet! A cross old woman came next, and whose *look* would have given any reasonable man the double-breasted blues before breakfast; alongside of her was a rale backwoods preacher, with the biggest and ugliest mouth ever got up since the flood. He was flanked by the low comedian of the party, an Indiana hoosier, 'gwine down to Orleans to get an army contract' to supply the forces then in Mexico with beef.

"We rolled along for some time, nobody seemed inclined to 'open.' The old aunty sot bolt upright, looking crab apples and persimmons at the hoosier and the preacher; the young lady dropped the green curtain of her bonnet over her pretty face, and leaned back in her seat, to nod and dream over japonicas and jumbles, pantalettes, and poetry; the old gentleman, proprietor of the Bardolph 'nose,' looked out at the 'corduroy' and swashes; the

gambler fell off into a doze, and the circus covey followed suit, leaving the preacher and me *vis-à-vis*, and saying nothing to nobody. 'Indiandy,' he stuck his mug out at the window and criticised the cattle we now and then passed. I was wishing somebody would give the conversation a start, when 'Indiandy' made a break—



"'This ain't no great stock country,' says he to the old gentleman with the cane.

"'No, sir,' says the old gentleman. 'Ther's very little grazing here, and the range is pretty much wore out.'

"Then there was nothing said again for some time. Bimeby the hoosier opened agin—

"'It's the d—est place for simmon-trees and turkey-buzzards I ever did see!'

"The old gentleman with the cane didn't say nothing, and the preacher gave a long groan. The young lady smiled through her veil, and the old lady snapped her eyes and looked sideways at the speaker.

"Don't make much beef here, I reckon," says the hoosier.

"No," says the gentleman.

"Well, I don't see how in h—ll they all manage to get along in a country whar thar ain't no ranges, and they don't make no beef. A man ain't considered worth a cuss in Indiany what hasn't got his brand on a hundred head."

"Yours is a great beef country, I believe," says the old gentleman.

"Well, sir, it ain't anything else. A man that's got sense enuff to foller his own cow-bell with us ain't in no danger of starvin'. I'm gwine down to Orleans to see if I can't git a contract out of Uncle Sam, to feed the boys what's been lickin' them infernal Mexicans so bad. I s'pose you've seed them cussed lies what's been in the papers about the Indiany boys at Bony Visty."

"I've read some accounts of the battle," says the old gentleman, "that didn't give a very flattering account of the conduct of some of our troops."

"With that, the Indiany man went into a full explanation of the affair, and, gittin' warmed up as he went along, begun to cuss and swear like he'd been through a dozen campaigns himself. The old preacher listened to him with evident signs of displeasure, twistin' and groanin' till he couldn't stand it no longer.

"My friend," says he, "you must excuse me, but your conversation would be a great deal more interesting to me—and I'm sure would please the company much better—if you wouldn't swear so terribly. It's very wrong to swear, and I hope you'll have respect for our feelin's, if you hain't no respect for your Maker."

"If the hoosier had been struck with thunder and lightnin', he couldn't have been more completely tuck aback. He shut his mouth right in the middle of what he was sayin', and looked at the preacher, while his face got as red as fire.

"Swearin'," says the old preacher, "is a terrible bad practice, and there ain't no use in it, no how. The Bible says, swear not at all, and I s'pose you know the commandments about swearin'?"

"The old lady sort of brightened up—the preacher was her 'duck of a man'; the old fellow with the 'nose' and cane let off a few 'umph, ah! umphs'; but 'Indianny' kept shady, he appeared to be *cowed* down.

"I know," says the preacher, "that a great many people swear without thinkin', and some people don't b'lieve the Bible."

"And then he went on to preach a regular sermon agin swearing, and to quote Scripture like he had the whole Bible by heart. In the course of his argument, he undertook to prove the Scriptures to be true, and told us all about the miracles and prophecies, and their fulfilment. The old gentleman with the cane took a part in the conversation, and the hoosier listened, without ever opening his head.

"I've just heard of a gentleman," says the preacher, "that's been to the Holy Land, and went over the Bible country. It's astonishin' to hear what wonderful things he has seen. He was at Sodom and Gomorrah, and seen the place whar Lot's wife fell!"

"Ah!" says the old gentleman with the cane.

"Yes," says the preacher, "he went to the very spot; and what's the remarkablest thing of all, he seen the pillar of salt what she was turned into!"

"Is it possible!" says the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir; he seen the salt, standin' thar to this day."

"What!" says the hoosier, "real genewine, good salt?"

"Yes, sir, a pillar of salt, jest as it was when that wicked woman was punished for her disobedience."

"All but the gambler, who was snoozing in the corner of the coach, looked at the preacher,—the hoosier with an expression of countenance that plainly told that his mind was powerfully convicted of an important fact.

"Right out in the open air?" he asked.

"Yes; standin' right in the open field, whar she fell."

"Well, sir," says "Indianny," "all I've got to say is, if *she'd dropped in our parts, the cattle would have licked her up afore sundown!*"

"The preacher raised both his hands at such an irreverent remark, and the old gentleman laughed himself into a fit of asthmatics, what he didn't get over till he came to the next change of horses. The hoosier had played the mischief with the gravity of the whole party; even the old maid had to put her handkerchief to her face, and the young lady's eyes were filled with tears for half an hour afterwards. The old preacher hadn't another word to say on the subject; but whenever we came to any place, or met any body on the road, the circus man nursed the thing along by asking what was the price of salt."

A PRINTER'S Devil was pierced in the heart

With charms of a little miss;

Quoth he to the lass, "My dear, ere we part,
Let us seal our love with a kiss."

The maiden replied, as the imp she eyed,

"Dost thou think I'll let you revel

Where others before you have vainly tried?

No, no, I'll not kiss the devil!"

Years rolled along, and the sweet little lass

Became an old sorrowful maid;

She lived like a Queen—was rich—but alas!

Her beauty had all decayed.

Once again they met, and the old maid tried

To recall her former issue,

But he gaily smiled and only replied,

"The devil now wouldn't kiss you."

A CHORISTER, wishing to *improve* on the lines—

Oh may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound,

submitted to his minister the following:

Oh may our hearts be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin;

when the clergyman, still more to *modernize* the text, suggested, in ridicule, the following climax:

Oh may our hearts go DIDDLE DIDDLE,
Like Uncle David's sacred fiddle.

This last improvement so excelled that of the chorister, as to induce him to be content without further experiments, with the original text.

TO A FRIEND.

BY JOHN PIERPONT. 1840.

FRIEND of my dark and solitary hour,
When spectres walk abroad, and ghosts have power,
To thee I look to dissipate the gloom,
And banish sheeted corpses from my room.
Thou'rt not thyself a corpse, though, past all doubt,
Thou hast been a dead body, and "laid out."
Nor art thou quite a ghost, though, sooth to say,
Much like a ghost thou vanishest away;
And, like the ghost in Shakspeare's tragic tale,
(That of the royal Dane,) thou'rt "very pale."

Life of my nights, thy cheering smile impart!
Light of my lone and melancholy heart,
Come stand beside me, and, with silent gaze,
O'erlook the line I'm weaving in thy praise.
But, should my numbers, like thyself, decline,
Start not indignant from thy silver shrine,
Such panegyric though incensed to hear,
Nor like the Cynthian,* touch my tingling ear.

Yes—though I feel thy warm breath in my face,
As Daphne felt the Delphians† in the chase,
Let not my finger press thy polished form,
Lest, like Pygmalion, I should find thee warm.

Thou art not cold as marble, though thou'rt fair
As smoothest alabaster statues are;
Thou'rt like the lamp that brightens wisdom's page;
Thou'rt like a glass to the dim eye of age;
Thou'rt like the lantern Hero held of yore,
On Sestos' tower, to light Leander o'er.
Thou art the friend of Beauty and of Wit;
Both beam the brighter when with thee they sit.
Thou giv'st to Beauty's cheek a softer hue,
Sprinklest on Beauty's lips a fresher dew;
Giv'st her with warmer eloquence to sigh,
And wing love's shafts more heated from her eye.

Still, pure thyself as Nova Zembla's snows,
Thy blood bounds not,—it regularly flows.
Thou dost not feel nor wake impure desire;
For though thou standest with thy soul on fire,
Beside my couch in all thy glowing charms,
I sleep, nor dream I clasp thee in my arms.

Thy faithfulness, my friend, oft hast thou shown;
Thou hast stood by me oft—and stood alone;
And when the world has frowned, thou wouldst
beguile

My hours of sadness with thy cheerful smile.
Yet well I know,—forgive the painful thought!—
With all thy faithfulness thou hast been bought.
Yes, friend, thou hast been venal, and hast known
The time, when, just as freely as my own,
Thou mightest for a trifle have been led
To grace the veriest stranger's board and bed.
Yet will I trust thee now,—while thou hast life;
I'll trust thee with my money, or my wife,
Not doubting for a moment that thou'lt be
As true to them as thou art true to me.

While thus I praise thee, I do not pretend
That though a faithful, thou'rt a faultless friend.
Excuse me then,—I do not love to blame,—
When for thy sake thy faults I briefly name.

Though often present when debates wax warm,
On Slavery or the Temperance reform,
I ne'er have known thee lift thy voice or hand,
The car of Reformation through the land,
Onward to roll.—Thou knowest well that I
Drink nothing but cold water when I'm dry;
It is my daily bath, my daily drink;
What, then, with all thy virtues, must I think,
When as thou seest my goblet filled up,
Or the pure crystal flowing from the cup,
In cool refreshment, o'er my parched lip,
I never can persuade thee e'en to sip?
Nay, when thou bear'st it with so ill a grace,
If but a drop I sprinkle in thy face?
Thou know'st this puts thee out. And then, once
more,
Tobacco-juice on carpet, hearth, or floor,
I can't endure; and yet I know thou viewest
Such things unmoved. I say not that thou chewest
The Indian weed; but I'm in error far
If I've not seen thee lighting a cigar.
Fie! fie! my friend, eschew the nauseous stuff!
I hate thy smoking! I detest thy snuff!

True, should my censure a retort provoke,
Thou mayest reply that Spanish ladies smoke;
And that e'en editors are pleased enough
Sometimes to take, as oft they give, a puff.

Ah, well, "with all thy faults," as Cowper says,
"I love thee still," and still I sing thy praise:
These few bad habits I o'erlook in thee,
For who on earth from every fault is free?

Still, my fair friend, the poisonous gall that drips
On Virtue's robe, from Scandal's viper lips,
Hath fallen on thee. When innocence and youth
Her victims are, she seems to tell the truth,
While yet she lies. But when, with deadly fangs,
She strikes at thee, and on thy mantle hangs,
She seems resolved a different game to try;
She tells the truth, but seems to tell a lie,
And calls thee—thy tried character to stain—
"The wicked fiction of some monster's brain!"
"Wicked!" let all such slanderers be told
Thy maker cast thee in an upright mould;
And though thou mayest be swayed, 'tis ne'er so ill
But thou maintainest thine uprightness still.
"Wicked!"—while all thine hours as they proceed
See thee engaged in some illustrious deed!
See thee, thyself and all thou hast to spend,
Like holy Paul, to benefit thy friend;
And by the couch where wakeful woe appears,
See thee dissolve, like Niobe, in tears!

E'en now, as gazing on thy slender frame,
That, like my own, still feeds the vital flame,

* Cynthus aurum vellit.—VIRG., ECL. VI. 1:8.

† OVID. MET., I, 539, et seq.

* For O thy soul in holy mould was cast.—CAMPBELL.

I strive to catch thy beauty's modest ray,
Methinks I see thee sink, in slow decay,
Beneath the flame that's kindled by my breath,
And preys upon thy heart-strings till thy death.
Yet, in thy melting mood, thy heart is light,
Thy smile is cheerful and thy visage bright;
And, in thy pallid form, I see displayed
The Cyprian goddess and the martial maid;
For thou didst spring, like Venus, from the main,
And, like Minerva, from the thunderer's brain.

What though thou art a fiction? Still, forsooth,
Fiction may throw as fair a light as truth.
But thou'rt a "wicked fiction;" yet, the while,
No crime is thine, and thou'rt unknown to guile.

In fiery trials I have seen thee stand
Firm, and more pure than e'en thy maker's hand;
And deeds of darkness, crimsoned o'er with shame,
Shrink from thine eye as from devouring flame.

True at thy post I've ever seen thee stay,
Yet, truant-like, I've seen thee run away;
And, though that want of firmness I deplore,
Wert thou less wicked thou would'st run still more;
Wert thou more wicked, and less modest, too,
The meed of greater virtue were thy due.
Wert thou less wicked, thou would'st less dispense
The beams of beauty and benevolence.
Light of my gloomy hours, thy name I bless
The more, the greater is thy wickedness.

JONES'S FIGHT.

A Story of Kentucky.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES. 1840.

COL. DICK JONES was decidedly the great man of the village of Summerville. He was colonel of the regiment—he had represented his district in Congress—he had been spoken of as candidate for governor—he was at the head of the bar in Hawkins county, Kentucky, and figured otherwise largely in public life. His legal opinion and advice were highly valued by the senior part of the population—his dress and taste were law to the juniors—his easy, affable, and attentive manner charmed all the matrons—his dignified politeness captivated the young ladies—and his suavity and condescension delighted the little boarding-school misses. He possessed a universal smattering of information—his manners were the most popular; extremely friendly and obliging, lively and witty; and, in short, he was a very agreeable companion.

Yet truth requires it to be admitted, that Col. Dick Jones was professionally more specious than deep, and that his political advancement was owing to personal partiality more than superior merit—that his taste and dress were of questionable propriety: for instance, he occasionally wore a hunting-shirt white fringed, or a red waistcoat, or a fawn-skin one, or a calico morning-gown of a small yellow pattern, and he indulged in other similar vagaries in clothing. And in manners and deportment, there was an air of harmless (true Virginian breed and Kentucky raised) self-conceit and swagger, which, though not to be admired, yet it gave piquancy and individuality to his character.

If further particulars are required, I can only state that the colonel boarded at the Eagle hotel—his office, in the square, fronted the court-house—he was a manager of all the balls—he was vice-president of the Summerville Jockey Club—he was trustee of the Female Academy—he gallanted the old ladies to church, holding his umbrella over them in the sun, and escorted the young ladies at night, to the dances or parties, always bringing out the smallest ones. He rode a high-headed, proud-looking sorrel horse, with a streak down his face; and he was a general referee and umpire, whether it was a horse swap, a race, a rifle match, or a cock fight.

It so chanced, on a time, though Col. Jones was one of the best-natured of men, that he took um-

brage at some report circulated about him in an adjoining county and one of his districts, to the effect that he had been a federalist during the last war; and, instead of relying on the fact of his being a school-boy on Mill Creek at that time, he proclaimed, at the tavern table, that the next time he went over the mountain to court, Bill Patterson, the reputed author of the slander, should either sign a *liebill*, fight, or run.

This became narrated through the town,—the case and argument of the difference was discussed among the patriarchs of the place, who generally came to the conclusion that the colonel had good cause of quarrel, as more had been said of him than an honorable man could stand. The young store boys of the village became greatly interested, conjectured how the fight would go, and gave their opinions what they would do under similar circumstances. The young lawyers, and young M. D's, as often as they were in the colonel's company, introduced the subject of the expected fight. On such occasions, the colonel spoke carelessly and banteringly. Some good old lady spoke deprecatingly, in the general and in the particular, that so good and clever a young man as Colonel Dick should set so bad an example; and the young ladies, and little misses, bless their dear little innocent souls, they only consulted their own kind hearts, and were satisfied that he must be a wicked and bad man that Colonel Jones would fight.

Spring term of the courts came on, and the lawyers all started on their circuit, and with them, Col. Jones went over the mountain. The whole town was alive to the consequences of this trip, and without much communion or understanding on the subject, most of the population either gathered at the tavern at his departure, or noticed it from a distance, and he rode off, gaily saluting his acquaintances, and raising his hat to the ladies, on both sides of the street as he passed out of town.

From that time, only one subject engaged the thoughts of the good people of Summerville; and on the third day the common salutation was "Any news from over the mountain?" "Has any one come down the road?" The fourth, fifth, and sixth came, and still the public anxiety was unappeased; it had, with the delay, become insufferable, quite agonizing; busi-

ness and occupation was at a stand still; a doctor or a constable would not ride to the country lest news of the fight would arrive in their absence. People in crossing the square, or entering or coming out of their houses, all had their heads turned up that road. And many, though ashamed to confess it, sat up an hour or two past their usual bedtime hoping some one would return from court. Still all was doubt and uncertainty. There is an unaccountable perversity in these things that bothers conjecture. I watched the road from Louisville two days to hear of Grey Eagle beating Wagner, on which I had one hundred dollars staked of borrowed money, and no one came; though before that, some person passed every hour.

On the seventh morning, the uneasy public were consoled by the certainty that the lawyers must be home that day, as court seldom held a week, and the universal resolve seemed to be that nothing was to be attended to until they were satisfied about the fight. Storekeepers and their clerks, saddlers, hatters, cabinet-makers, and their apprentices, all stood out at the doors. The hammer ceased to ring on the anvil, and the bar-keeper would scarcely walk in to put away the stranger's saddle-bags, who had called for breakfast; when suddenly, a young man, that had been walking from one side of the street to the other, in a state of feverish anxiety, thought he saw dust away up the road and stopped. I have been told a man won a wager in Philadelphia, on his collecting a crowd by staring, without speaking, at an opposite chimney. So no sooner was this young man's point noticed, than there was a general reconnaissance of the road made, and before long, doubt became certainty, when one of the company declared he knew the colonel's old sorrel-riding-horse, "General Jackson," by the blaze on his face.



In the excited state of the public mind it required no ringing of the court-house bell to convene the people; those down street walked up, and those

across the square came over, and all gathered gradually at the Eagle Hotel, and nearly all were present by the time Col. Jones alighted. He had a pair of dark green specks on, his right hand in a sling, with brown paper bound round his wrist; his left hand held the bridle, and the forefinger of it wrapped with a linen rag "with care." One of his ears was covered with a muslin scrap that looked much like the countrywomen's plan of covering their butter when coming to market; his face was clawed all over, as if he had had it raked by a cat held fast by the tail; his head was unshorn, it being "too delicate an affair," as * * * * said about his wife's character. His complexion suggested an idea to a philosophical young man present, on which he wrote a treatise, dedicated to Arthur Tappan, proving that a negro was only a white well pummelled; and his general swelled appearance would induce a belief he had led the forlorn hope in the storming of a beehive.

The colonel's manner did not exactly proclaim "the conquering hero," but his affability was undiminished, and he addressed them with, "Happy to see you, gents; how are you all?" and then attempted to enter the tavern; but Buck Daly arrested him with, "Why, colonel, I see you have had a skrimmage. How did you make it? You didn't come out at the little *end* of the horn, did you?" "No, not exactly, I had a tight fit of it, though. You know Bill Patterson; he weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, is as straight as an Indian, and as active as a wild cat, and as quick as powder, and very much of a man, I assure you. Well, my word was out to lick him; so I hardly put up my horse before I found him at the court-house door, and, to give him a white man's chance, I proposed alternatives to him. He said his daddy, long ago, told him never to give a *liebill*, and he was not good at running, so he thought he had best fight. By the time the word was fairly out, I hauled off, and took him in the burr of the ear that raised a singing in his head, that made him think he was in Mosquito town. At it we went, like killing snakes, so good a man, so good a boy; we had it round and round, and about and about, as dead a yoke as ever pulled at a log chain. Judge Mitchell was on the bench, and as soon as the cry of "fight" was raised, the bar and jury ran off and left him. He shouted, "I command the peace," within the court-house, and then ran out to see the fight, and cried out, "I can't prevent you!" "fair fight!" "stand back!" and he caught Parson Benefield by the collar of the coat, who he thought was about to interfere, and slung him on his back at least fifteen feet.

"It was the evenest and longest fight ever fought; everybody was tired of it, and I must admit, in truth, that I was—" (*here he made an effort to enter the tavern*). But several voices called out, "Which whipped? How did you come out?" "Why, much as I tell you; we had it round and round, about and about, over and under. I could throw him at rattle, but he would manage some way to turn me. Old Sparrowhawk was there, who had seen all the best fighting at Natchez under the hill, in the days of Dad Girty and Jim Snodgrass, and he says my gouging was beautiful; one of Bill's eyes is like the mouth of an old ink bottle, only as the fellow said, describing the jackass by the mule, it is more so. But in fact, there was no great choice between us, as you see. I look like having run into a brush

fence of a dark night. So we made it round and round, and about and about"—(*here again he attempted a retreat into the tavern.*) But many voices demanded, "Who hollered?" "Which gave up?" "How did you hurt your hand?" "Oh! I forgot to tell you, that as I aimed a sockdologger at him, he ducked his head, and he can dodge like a diedapper, and hitting him awkwardly, I sprained my wrist; so, being like the fellow, who, when it rained mush, had no spoon, I changed the suit and made a trump—and went in for eating. In the scuffle, we fell, cross and pile, and while he was chawing my finger, my head was between his legs; his woollen jean britches did not taste well, but I found a bare place, where the seat had worn out, and meat in abundance; so I laid hoid of a good mouthful, but the bit came out; and finding his appetite still good for my finger, I adopted Doctor Bones' the tool-smith's, patent method of removing teeth without

the aid of instruments, and I extracted two of his incisors, and then I could put my finger in or out at pleasure. However, I shall for one time have an excuse for wearing gloves without being thought proud." (*He now tried to escape under cover of a laugh.*) But vox populi again. "So you tanned him, did you?" "How did the fight finish?" "You were not parted?" "You fought it out did you?" The colonel resumed, "Why, there is no telling how the fight might have gone; an old Virginian, who had seen Francesco, and Otey, and Lewis, and Blewins, and all the best men of the day, said he had never seen any one stand up to their fodder better than we did. We had fought round and round, and about and about, all over the court-yard, and, at last, just to end the fight, everybody was getting tired of it; so at l—a—a—st, I hollered.—(*Exit Colonel.*)

A QUARTER RACE IN KENTUCKY.

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

Nothing would start against the Old Mare; and after more formal preparation in making weight and posting judges than is customary when there is a contest, "*the safeul old kritter*" went off crippling as if she was not fit to run for sour cider, and any thing could take the shine out of her that had the audacity to try it. The muster at the stand was slim, it having been understood up town, that as to sport to-day the races would prove a *water-haul*. I missed all that class of old and young gentlemen who annoy owners, trainers, and riders, particularly if they observe they are much engaged, with questions that should not be asked, and either can't or should not be answered. The business folks and men of gumption were generally on the *grit*, and much of the chaff certainly had been blown off.

A walk or gallop over is a slow affair; and without being in any way able to account for it, it seemed to be an extremely dry affair; for while the four mile was *being done (as the prigs have it)* I noticed many a centaur of a fellow force his skeary nag up to the opening in the little clapboard shanty, and shout out impatiently—"Colonel, let us have some of your *byled* corn—pour me out a buck load—there—never mind about the water, I drank a heap of it yesterday," and then wheel off to the crowd as if intent on something.

The race, like all things, had an end, and I had some idea, in imitation of Sardanapalus, "all in one day to see the race, then go home, eat, drink, and be merry, for all the rest was not worth a fillip," when I met Dan. He knows a little, finds out a little, and guesses the rest, and, of course, is prime authority. I inquired if the hunt was up. "Oh, no, just hold on a while, and there will be as bursting a quarter race as ever was read of, and I will give it 'em, so you can make expenses." I always make a hand when about, and thinking I might get a wrinkle by prying into the mystery of quarter-racing, I accordingly rode to the thickest of the crowd. A rough-hewn fellow, who either was, or pretended to be, drunk, was bantering to run his mare against any horse that had ploughed as much that season, his mare having, as he assured us, tend-

ed twenty-five acres in corn. Another chap sidled up to him, and offered to plough against him for as much liquor as the company could drink, or for who should have both nags—his horse had never run, as he did not follow it. Sorrel got mad, and offered to beat him in the cart, wagon or plough, or he could beat him running one hundred miles, his weight on each, for five hundred dollars. Bay still disclaimed racing, but would run the quarter stretch, to amuse the company, for one hundred dollars. Sorrel took him up, provided Bay carried his present rider, and he would get somebody; Bay agreed, provided he would not get a lighter rider. It was closed at that, and two of Senator Benton's abominations—\$100 United States Bank Bills—were planked up. Bay inquired if they could stand another \$50—agreed to by Sorrel, who, observing Bay shell out a \$100 note, said, there was no use of making change, as his note was the same amount, and they might as well go the \$100. This was promptly agreed to, and another one hundred dollars offered, and immediately covered—there being now three hundred dollars aside. Now came a proposal to increase it three hundred dollars more; Bay said—"You oversize my pile, but if I can borrow the money, I'll accommodate you," and immediately slipped off to consult his banker. Dan now whispered, "*Spread yourself on the Bay.*" Thinking I should run in while I was hot, I observed aloud—I should admire to bet some gentleman ten dollars on the Bay. A Mr. Wash, or as he was familiarly called, Big Wash, snapped me up like a duck does a June-bug, by taking the bill out of my hand, and observing that either of us could hold the stakes, put it in his pocket. Finding this so easily done, I pushed off to consult my friend Crump, the most knowing man about short races I ever knew, and one who can see as far into a mill-stone as the man that pecks it. I met him with the man that made the race on the Bay, coming to get a peep at the sorrel. As soon as he laid eyes on her, he exclaimed—

"Why, Dave, you made a pretty pick up of it; I'm afraid our *cake is all dough*—that's old Grapevine, and I told you point blank to walk round her,

but you're like a member of the Kentucky legislature, who admitted that if he had a failing it was being a *leetle* too brave."

"How could I know Grapevine," replied Dave, doggedly; "and you told me you could beat her, any how."

"Yes," said Crump, "I think I can; but I didn't come a hundred and fifty miles to run them kind of races—Old Tompkins has brought her here, and I like him for a *sucker*!"

"Well," says Dave, "maybe I can get off with the race if you think you'll be licked."

"No," said Crump, "when I go a catting, I go a catting; its mighty mixed up, and there's no telling who's constable until the election is over; it will be like the old bitch and the rabbit, nip and tack every jump, and sometimes the bitch a *leetle* ahead."

Old Tompkins, who had not appeared during the making of the race, now came round, and seeing the bay, said—"Popcorn, by G—d." He now came forward, and addressed the other party: "Boys," said he, "it's no use to run the thing into the ground. If a man goes in for betting, I say let him go his load, but we have no ambition against you, so draw the bet to one hundred dollars; that is enough for a little tacky race like this, just made for amusement."—Carried by acclamation.

Now the judges were selected: a *good* judge does not mean exactly the same thing here as on the bench, though some of the same kind may be found there—it means one who is obstinate in going for his own friends. It did not seem to be considered courteous to object to the selections on either side, perhaps from a mutual consciousness of invulnerability. But one of the nominees for the ermine was a hickory over any body's persimmon in the way of ugliness. He was said to be the undisputed possessor of the celebrated jack-knife; his likeness had been moulded on dog-irons to frighten the children from going too near the fire, and his face ached perpetually; but his eyes! his eyes! He was said to have caught a turkey-buzzard by the neck, the bird being deceived, and thinking he was looking another way; and several of the crowd said he was so cross-eyed he could *look at his own head*! It was objected to him that he could not keep his eyes on the score, as he did not see *straight*, and it was leaving the race to the accident of which of his optics obtained the true bearing, when the horses were coming out. The objections were finally overruled, the crooked party contending that Nature had designed him for a quarter judge, as he could station one eye to watch when the foremost horse's toe struck the score, and could note the track of the horse that followed, at the same moment, with the other eye.

The riders now attracted my attention. It is customary, I believe, to call such "a feather," but they seemed to me about the size of a big Christmas turkey gobbler, without feathers; and I was highly delighted with the precocity of the youths—they could swear with as much energy as men of six feet, and they used fourth-proof oaths with a volubility that would bother a congressional reporter.

There now arose a dispute as to whether they should run to or from the stand, it being a part of the mile track, and there being some supposed advantage to one of the horses, or the other, according as this might be arranged. It was determined by a toss-up at last, to run to the stand. After an-

other toss for choice of tracks, and another for the word, the horses walked off towards the head of the stretch. Now it was, "Hurra, my Popcorn—I believe in you—come it strong, lumber—go it with a looseness—root little pig, or die." And, "Oh! my Grapevine! tear the hind sights off him!—you'll lay him out cold as a wagon-tire—roll your bones—go it, you cripples!" etc., etc., etc.

Beginning to doubt, from all I heard, whether my friend Dave had been regularly appointed almanac-maker for this year, I hedged a five, and staked it with a young man that was next me, riding a remarkable wall-eyed horse; and some time after staked another five dollars, with a person I had noticed assisting about the bar, and would be able to recognise again. I now flattered myself on my situation—I had all the pleasurable excitement of wagering, and nothing at risk.

Each side of the track was lined with eager faces, necks elongated, and chins projected, a posture very conducive to health in a bilious climate, as it facilitates the operation of emetics. I was deafened with loud cries of "Clear the track!" "Stand back!" "Get off the fence!" "The riders are mounted!" "They are coming!" "Now they are off!"—but still they came not. Without intending it, I found myself, and indeed most of the crowd, moving up towards the start, and after every failure, or false alarm, I would move a few yards. I overheard a fellow telling with great glee—"Well, I guess I warmed the wax in the ears of that fellow with the narrow brimmed white hat; he had an elegant watch that he offered to bet against a good riding-horse. You know my seventeen year old horse, that I always call the bay colt; I proposed to stake him against the watch, and the fellow agreed to it without ever looking in his mouth; if he had, he would have seen teeth as long as ten-penny nails. It is easy fooling any of them New York collectors—they ain't cute: the watch is a bang-up lever, and he says if he was going to travel he would not be without it for any consideration. He made me promise, if I won it, to let him have it back at one hundred dollars, in case he went into Georgia this fall. It is staked in the hands of the Squire there;—Squire, show it to this here entire stranger." The Squire produced a splendid specimen of the tin manufacture; I pronounced it valuable, but thought it most prudent not to mention for what purpose.

Alarms that the horses were coming continued, and I gradually reached the starting place: I then found that Crump, who was to turn Popcorn, had won the word—that is, he was to ask "are you ready?" and if answered "yes!" it was to be a race. Popcorn jumped about like a pea on a grid-dle, and fretted greatly—he was all over in a lather of sweat. He was managed very judiciously, and every attempt was made to soothe him and keep him cool, though he evidently was somewhat exhausted. All this time Grapevine was led about as cool as a cucumber, an awkward-looking *striker* of old Thompson's holding her by the cheek of the bridle, with instructions, I presume, *not to let loose in any case*, as he managed adroitly to be turning round whenever Popcorn put the question.

Old Tompkins had been sitting doubled up sideways, on his sleepy-looking old horse—it now being near dark—rode slowly off a short distance, and hitched his horse: he deliberately took off his coat, folded it carefully, and laid it on a stump: his neck-

cloth was with equal care deposited on it, and then his weather-beaten hat; he stroked down the few remaining hairs on his caput, and came and took the mare from his striker. Crump was anxious for a start, as his horse was worsted by delay; and as soon as he saw Grapevine in motion to please her turner, Old Tompkins swung her off ahead, shouting triumphantly, "Go! d—n you!" and away she went with an *ungovernable*. Crump wheeled his horse round before reaching the poles, and opened on Old Tompkins—"That's no way; if you mean to run, let us run, and quit fooling; you should say 'Yes!' if you mean it to be a race, and then I would have turned loose, had my nag been tail forward; it was no use for me to let go, as it would have been no race any how, until you give the word."

Old Tompkins looked as if the boat had left him, or like the fellow that was fighting, and discovered that he had been biting his own thumb. He paused a moment, and without trying to raise a squabble, (an unusual thing,) he broke down the track to his mare, slacked her girths, and led her back, soothing and trying to quiet her. She was somewhat blown by the run, as the little imp on her was not strong enough to take her up soon. They were now so good and so good, that he proposed they should lead up and take a fair start. "Oh!" said Crump, "I thought that would bring you to your milk, so lead up." By this time, you could see a horse twenty yards off, but you could not be positive as to his color. It was proposed to call in candles. The horses were led up, and got off the first trial. "Ready?" "Yes!"—and a fairer start was never made. Away they went in a hurry,

Glimmering through the gloam.

All hands made for the winning post. Here I heard—"Mare's race!"—"No! she crossed over the horse's path!"—"The boy with the shirt rode foul!"—"The horse was ahead when he passed me!" After much squabbling, it was admitted by both parties that the nag that came out on the left-hand side of the track was ahead; but they were about equally divided as to whether the horse or the mare came through on the left-hand side. The judges of the start agreed to give it in as even. When they came down, it appeared that one of the outcome judges got angry, and had gone home an hour ago. My friend that looked so many ways for Sunday, after a very ominous silence, and waiting until frequently appealed to, gave the race to the horse by ten inches. This brought a yell from the crowd, winners and losers, that beat any thing yet; a dozen of men were produced, who were ready to swear that gimblet-eye was a hundred yards off, drinking a stiff cock-tail at the booth, and that he was at the far side of it when the horses came out, and consequently must have judged the result through two pine planks an inch thick; others swore he did not know when the race was won, and was not at the post for five minutes after. Babel was a quiet retired place compared with the little assemblage at this time: some bets were given up, occasional symptoms of a fight appeared, a general examination was going on to be assured the knife was in the pocket, and those hard to open were opened and slipped up the sleeve; the crowd clustered together like a bee-swarm. This continued until about nine o'clock, when Crump, finding he could not get the stakes, compromised the mat-

ter, and announced that by agreement it was a drawn race. This was received with a yell louder, if possible, than any former one; every one seemed glad of it, and there was a unanimous adjournment to the bar. Though tired and weary, I confess that I (for no earthly reason that I can give but the force of example) was inclined to join them, when I was accosted by a person with whom I had bet, and had staked in the hands of the young man riding the wall-eyed horse. "Well," said he, "shell out my five dollars that I put up with that friend of yours—as I can't find him." I protested that I did not know the young man at all, and stated that he had my stake also. He replied that I need not try to feed him on *soft corn* that way, and called on several persons to prove that I selected the stakeholder, and we were seen together, and we must be acquainted, as we were both *furreigners* from the cut of our coats. He began to talk hostile, and was, as they brag in the timber districts, twenty foot in the clear, without limb, knot, windshake, or woodpecker hole. To appease him, I agreed, if the stakeholder could not be found, to be responsible for his stake. He very industriously made proclamation for the young man with the wall-eyed horse, and being informed that he had *done gone* three hours ago, he claimed of me, and I had to shell out.

Feeling somewhat worsted by this transaction, I concluded I would look up my other bets. Mr. Wash I did not see, and concluded he had retired; I found the stakeholder that assisted about the bar, and claimed my five dollars on the draw race; to my surprise I learned he had given up the stakes. Having been previously irritated, I made some severe remarks, to all of which he replied in perfect good temper, and assured me he was the most punctilious person in the world about such matters, and that it was his invariable rule never to give up stakes except by the direction of some of the judges, and called up proof of his having declined delivering the stakes until he and the claimant went to old screw-eye; and he decided I had lost. This seemed to put the matter out of dispute so far as he was concerned, but thinking I would make an appeal to my opponent, I inquired if he knew him. He satisfied me, by assuring me he did not *know him from a side of sole leather*.

I left the course, and on returning next morning, I looked out for Mr. Wash; I discovered him drinking, and offering large bets; he saw me plainly, but affected a perfect forgetfulness, and did not recognise me. After waiting some time, and finding he would not address me, I approached him, and requested an opportunity of speaking to him apart. Mr. Wash instantly accompanied me, and began telling me he had got in a scrape, and had never in his life been in such a fix. Perceiving what he was at, I concluded to take the whip-hand of him, and observed—"Mr. Wash, if you design to intimate by your preliminary remarks that you cannot return to me my own money, staked in your hands, I must say I consider such conduct extremely ungentlemanly." Upon this he whipped out a spring-back dirk knife, nine inches in the blade, and whetted to cut a hair, stepped off, picked up a piece of cedar, and commenced whittling. "Now, stranger," says he, "I would not advise any man to try to run over me, for I ask no man any odds further than civility; I consider myself as honest a man as any in Harris county, Kentucky; but I'll tell you, stranger, exactly how it happened: you see, when you



offered to bet on the sorrel, I was out of soap, but it was too good a chance to let it slip, as I was dead sure Popcorn would win; and if he had won, you know, of course it made no difference to you whether I had a stake or not. Well, it was none of my business to hunt you up, so I went to town last night to the confectionary, [a whisky shop in a log pen fourteen feet square,] and I thought I'd make a rise on chuck-a-luck, but you *perhaps* never saw such a run of luck; everywhere I touched was

pizen, and I came out of the *leetle end* of the horn; but I'll tell you what, I'm a man that always stands up to my fodder, rack or no rack; so, as you don't want the money, I'll negotiate to suit you exactly; I'll give you my *dubinary*: I don't know that I can pay it this year, unless the *crap* of hemp turns out well; but if I can't this year, I will next year probably; and I'll tell you exactly my principle—if a man waits with me like a gentleman, I'm sure to pay him when I'm ready; but if a man tries to bear down on me and make me pay whether or no, you see it is his own look out, and he'll see sights before he gets his money." My respect for Mr. Wash's dirk-knife, together with my perceiving there was nothing else to be had, induced me to express my entire satisfaction with Mr. Wash's *dubinary*, hoping at the same time that at least *enough* of hemp would grow that year. He proposed that I should let him have five dollars more for a stake, but on my declining, he said, "Well, there is no harm in mentioning it." He went to the bar, borrowed pen and ink, and presently returned with a splendid specimen of calligraphy to the following effect:—

State of Kentucky, } Due Dempsey, the just and
Jessamine county. } lawful sum of ten dollars, for
value received, payable on the
26th day of December, 1836, or 1837, or any
time after that I am able to discharge the same. As
witness my hand and seal, this 30th day of May, 1836.

GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIGGS.

{ SEAL }

I wish you would try Wall-street with this paper, as I wish to cash it; but I'll run a mile before I wait for a quarter race again.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

A Legal Sketch in the "old North State."

BY HAMILTON C. JONES.

SCENE—A Court of Justice in North Carolina.

A BEARDESS disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the Court:—"May it please your Worships, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad, I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so direful, marked, and malicious an assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous battery—and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country; and I dare say, it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's in this county. But you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one said that he heard the noise, and did not see the fight; another that he seen the row, but didn't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the skirmish.

LAWYER CHOPS. I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known,

as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed upon your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, shuffy old man, a "leetle" corned, and took his oath with an air.

CHOPS. Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's; and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

HARRIS. Adzactly (*giving the lawyer a knowing wink, and at the same time clearing his throat.*) Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but, howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then



axed me if Mose he moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard, that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go—

CHOPS. In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

WITNESS. Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

CHOPS. Stop, sir, if you please; we don't want to hear anything about your cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife—tell us about the fight at Rice's.

WITNESS. Well, I will sir, if you will let me.

CHOPS. Well, sir, go on.

WITNESS. Well, sir, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go—

CHOPS. There it is again. Witness, please to stop.

WITNESS. Well, sir, what do you want?

CHOPS. We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know any thing about the matter before the court?

WITNESS. To be sure I do.

CHOPS. Well, go on and tell it, and nothing else.

WITNESS. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat—

CHOPS. This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt; he seems to be trifling with this court.

COURT. Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Captain Rice's.

WITNESS. [*Alarmed.*] Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard—

CHOPS—I hope the witness may be ordered into custody.

COURT. [*After deliberating.*] Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by telling witness to go on in his own way. Proceed, Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

WITNESS. Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard she came over to our house and axed me if my wife she moun't go? I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mout go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then axed me if Mose he moun't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose—he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass—but howsomever as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mout go. So they goes on together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they come to the big swamp, and it was up, as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally Dilliard and Mose, like genteel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through. *And that's all I know about the fight.*

THE PEDDLER.

A Chapter from an Unpublished Romance.

BY S. G. GOODRICH (PETER PARLEY). 1841.

I WAS now the proprietor of a book-store in Pearl street, my establishment being devoted chiefly to the selling of school books, and such books as were in large demand; psalms and hymns, bibles, and Webster's spelling-books, constituted a large portion of the articles in which I dealt. Thaddeus of Warsaw, the Scottish Chiefs, Young's Night Thoughts, Sanford and Merton, Paradise Lost, Mysteries of Udolpho, Caleb Williams, Lady of the Lake, Cælebs in search of a Wife, and the Castle of Otranto, were the class of books which constituted the belles-lettres part of my stock in trade.

My dealings were chiefly with country merchants and Connecticut peddlers, who operated in the southern and western States. A sketch of a single cus-

tomers will throw light upon this portion of my life.

"Good morning, Doctor,"—for the title I had acquired in the apothecary's shop, still adhered to me;—"how are you, my old cock?"

The man who entered my shop, and addressed me in these words, was tall, thin, with lank hair, and a pair of wide drab corduroy pantaloons, and a butternut-colored coat, of ample width and prodigal length of skirts. His dress was loose as that of a Turk's, and the motions of the man within were as free as a wild-cat's. There was a careless ease in his gait, which seemed to show that he had not been accustomed to either the restraints or nicely-adjusted garments or tight-laced breeding.

My reply to the man was hearty. "Good-morning, God bless you! how are you, Mr. Fleecer?" This was said while a mutual grapple of the hands took place, attended by an undulating motion of the whole frame.

After a few more congratulatory words, we proceeded to business. With a vast deal of higgling, the peddler laid out a variety of articles, generally selecting them with a reference to two points, bulk and cheapness. The idea he entertained of his customers seemed to be, that they would buy books as they would load a boat, by the measure of size only. So nice a test as weight, even, was in his experience too subtle and delicate a principle to be used in the purchase of these articles. The subject, the manner in which it was treated, the name of the author, the quality of paper and print, were all considerations either secondary or overlooked.

Having made up the bulk of his purchases in this way, Mr. Fleecer looked over my shelves, and poked about in every nook and corner, as if searching for something he could not find. At length, taking me to the farther end of my shop, and stealing a heedful glance around, to see that no one could overhear us, he spoke as follows, in a low tone.

"Well, Doctor—you're a doctor, you know,—now let me see some books in the doctors' line. I suppose you've got Aristotle's ——?"

"No, indeed!" said I.

"Oh! none of your gammon; come, out with it! I'll pay a good price."

"Upon my word I haven't a copy!"

"You have! I know you have!"

"I tell you I have not."

"Well, haven't you got Volney's Ruins?"

"No."

"Nor Tom Paine?"

"No."

"Nor ——?"

"No, not a copy."

"Are you in airnest, Doctor?"

"Yes, I never keep such books."

"Who said you did? You don't keep 'em, ha? Nor I nother; I only axed you to let me see 'em! Aint my father a deacon in Pokkytunk, and do you suppose I want to meddle with such infidel trash? Not I. Still there's no harm in looking, I suppose. A cat may look on a king, mayn't she, Doctor?"

"Yes, no doubt."

"Well, well, that's settled. Have you got Young's Night Thoughts?"

"Plenty."

"Let me see one."

Here I showed Mr. Fleecer the book.

"This is not the right kind," said he. "I want that edition that's got the picter at the beginning of a gal walken out by starlight, called Contemplation."

I handed my customer another copy. He then went on,—

"Aye, this is it. That are picter there, is a very material pint, Doctor. The young fellers down in Kentucky think it's a wolloping kind of a story, you know, about some gal that's in love. They look at the title-page, and see, 'NIGHT THOUGHTS, BY ALEXANDER YOUNG.' Well, that seems as if it meant something queer. So they look to the frontispiece and see a female all wrapped up in a cloak, goen out very sly, with nothing under heaven but the stars to see what she's about. 'Hush, hush,' I say, and look round as if afeard that somebody



would hear us. And then I shut up the book, and put it into my chist, and deliberately lock the lid. Then the feller becomes rampacious. He begs, and wheedles, and flatters, and at last he swears. I shake my head. Finally he takes out a five-dollar bill; I slip it into my pocket, and hand him out the book as if I was stealin, and tell him not to let anybody know who sold it to him, and not to take off the brown paper kiver till he gets shut up tight in his own room. I then say, 'Good-day, mister,' and clear out like chain lightning, for the next county."

"You seem to be pleased with your recollections, Fleecer."

"Well, I can't help snickering when I think of them fellers. Why, Bleech, I sold more than tew hundred o' them Night Thoughts, for five dollars a-piece, in Kentucky, last winter, and all the fellers bought 'em under the idea that 'twas some queer story, too good to be altogether decent."

"So you cheated 'em, ha?"

"I cheated 'em? not I, indeed! If they were cheated at all, they cheated themselves, I guess? I didn't tell 'em a lie. Couldn't they see for themselves? Haven't they got eyes? Why, what should a feller du? They come smelling about like rats arter cheese, and ax me if I haint got some rowdy books: I show 'em the Sky Lark, and Peregrine Pickle, and so on, but they want something better. Well, now, as I told you afore, I'm a deacon's son, and I don't like to sell Tom Paine, and Volney's Ruins, and that sort o' thing. So, thinks I to myself—I'll play them sparks a Yankee trick. They want some rowdy books, and I'll sell 'em something pious. In this way they may get some good, and in the course of providence, they may be converted. Well, the first one I tried, it worked like ginger. He bought the book at a tavern. Arter he'd got it he couldn't hardly wait, he was so faire to read it. So he went into a room, and I peeped through the key-hole. He began at the title-page, and then he looked at the figger of Miss Contemplation walking forth among the stars. I could see his

mouth water. Then he turned to the first part, and begun to read. I heerd him as plain as Dr. Belcher's sarmon; it went pretty much like this,——

(Reads.)

'THE COMPLAINT. NIGHT I.——

"'Good—that's natural enough,' says he. (Reads.)

'ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.'——

"'Whew? I suppose it's some feller in love, and is going to cut his throat.' (Reads.)

'Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready viast pays,
When fortune smiles,'——

"'That's all gammun!' (Reads.)

'Night! sable goddess—from her ebon throne,'——

"'What in nater is the fellow at?' (Reads.)

'The bell strikes one; we take no note of time,'——

"'Why that's exactly what the parson said in his sarmon last Sunday!' He turns over several pages. (Reads.)

'NIGHT II. ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

'When the cock crowed, he wept,'——

"'By Saint Peter, I'm gummed! That d—d Yankee peddler has sold me a psalm-book, or some-

thing of the kind, and made me believe it was a rowdy. The infernal hypocrite! And so I've paid five dollars for a psalm-book! Well, it's a good joke, and the fellow deserves his money for his ingenuity. He, he, he! ho, ho, ho! I must laugh, tho' I'm as mad as a snapping-turtle. Zachary! if I could get his nose betwixt my thumb and finger, I'd make him sing every line in the book to a tune of my own. To sell me a psalm-book!—the canting, whining, blue-light peddler! Fire and brimstone! It makes me sweat to think on't. And he did it so sly, too—the wooden-nutmeg rascal! I wish I could catch him!'

"By this time, I thought it best for me to make myself scarce. I had paid my bill, and my horse and wagon were all ready, for I had calculated upon a bit of a breeze. I mounted my box, and having axed the landlord the way to Lexington, I took the opposite direction to throw my psalm-book friend off the scent, in case he was inclined for a chase; so I pursued my journey and got clear. I met the fellow about six months arter, at Nashville; I was goin to ax him if he had a psalm-book to part with, but he looked so plaguey hard at me, that I cocked my beaver over my right eye, and squinted with the left, and walked on. Sen that, I haint seen him."

WOMAN; AN APOLOGUE.

BY LAUGHTON OSBORNE. 1841.

WHEN from the ever-blooming bowers were driven
Our great first parents, thus, by Heaven's command,
The expelling angel spake to weeping Eve:

"On thee, unhappy Eve, has God bestow'd,
Above all else that moves beneath the skies,
Beauty, for Man's attraction. Nor does God
Recall what he hath given. But, seeing that thou
For Adam's ruin hast misus'd the gift,
To counteract it, lo! the Omnific adds
What shall make Man despise its power,—Caprice."

Then, when without the Garden gate mov'd Eve,
With step irresolute and head deject,
In the broad shadow of her husband's form,—
Who walk'd a pace before, in solemn thought,
Sad, but submissive to his Maker's will,—
The Devil, in likeness of a sparrow, lit
Upon her roseate shoulder's comely slope,
Which, here and there, between the glistening waves
Of her down-floating and dishevell'd hair,
Shone like the almond's blossoms 'mid its boughs,
And said:

"Though God hath given thee caprice,
And it shall weary Man, and make him yearn
To break from his inthralment, fear not thou;
For I will cause that it shall bind him more.
Lo, I will put into thine eyes desire,
And hesitation on thy lips. Thou shalt
Affect deep passion, and shalt feel it not,
Feel it and shalt deny it; thy life shall be
A daily lie; thine eyes shall lie; thy smile
Shall be deceitful, and thy frown deceitful;
And Man, though struggling, shall be still thy
slave."

Then through her tears, and through her cluster-
ing locks,
Smil'd Eve, well-pleas'd, and, parting from her lips,
And from her blushing cheek, with gesture sweet,
The natural veil of shadowing tresses bright
That o'er the roses of her bosom hung
Down to her swelling loins, the sparrow kiss'd.

And, from that time, Man's wedded days were days
As those of April, sunshine half, half shower.

THE NANTUCKET PRIVATEER.—During the Revolutionary war, two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers; they cruised together and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy, and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment, found her to be a frigate in disguise.—A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different direc-

tions. Only one could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on her. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to a stratagem. On a sudden he hauled in every sail, and all hands were employed in setting poles, as if shoving his vessel off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce:" as soon as night rendered it prudent for him he hoisted sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

A TALE OF JERUSALEM.

BY EDGAR A. POE. 1841.

*Intensos rigidam in frontem ascendere canos
Passus erat — LUCAN—De Catone.*

—a bristly bore.—*Translation.*

"LET us hurry to the walls," said Abel-Phittim to Buzi-Ben-Levi, and Simeon the Pharisee, on the tenth day of the month Thammuz, in the year of the world three thousand nine hundred and forty-one—"let us hasten to the ramparts adjoining the gate of Benjamin, which is in the city of David, and overlooking the camp of the uncircumcised—for it is the last hour of the fourth watch, being sunrise; and the idolaters, in fulfilment of the promise of Pompey, should be awaiting us with the lambs for the sacrifices."

Simeon, Abel-Phittim, and Buzi-Ben-Levi were the Gizbarim, or sub-collectors of the offering, in the holy city of Jerusalem.

"Verily," replied the Pharisee—"let us hasten: for this generosity in the heathen is unwonted; and fickle-mindedness has ever been an attribute of the worshippers of Baal."

"That they are fickle-minded and treacherous is as true as the Pentateuch"—said Buzi-Ben-Levi—"but that is only towards the people of Adonai. When was it ever known that the Ammonites proved wanting to their own interest? Methinks it is no great stretch of generosity to allow us lambs for the altar of the Lord, receiving in lieu thereof thirty silver shekels per head!"

"Thou forgettest, however, Ben-Levi," replied Abel-Phittim—"that the Roman Pompey, who is now impiously besieging the city of the Most High, has no surety that we apply not the lambs thus purchased for the altar, to the sustenance of the body rather than of the spirit."

"Now, by the five corners of my beard"—shouted the Pharisee, who belonged to the sect called the Dashers (that little knot of saints whose manner of *dashing* and lacerating the feet against the pavement was long a thorn and a reproach to less zealous devotees—a stumbling-block to less gifted perambulators)—"by the five corners of that beard which as a priest I am forbidden to shave!—have we lived to see the day when a blaspheming and idolatrous upstart of Rome shall accuse us of appropriating to the appetites of the flesh the most holy and consecrated elements? Have we lived to see the day when?"

"Let us not question the motives of the Philistine"—interrupted Abel-Phittim—"for to-day we profit for the first time by his avarice or by his generosity. But rather let us hurry to the ramparts, lest offerings should be wanting for that altar whose fires the rains of Heaven cannot extinguish—and whose pillars of smoke no tempest can turn aside."

That part of the city to which our worthy Gizbarim now hastened, and which bore the name of its architect, King David, was esteemed the most strongly fortified district of Jerusalem—being situated upon the steep and lofty hill of Zion. Here a broad, deep, circumvallatory trench—hewn from the solid rock, was defended by a wall of great strength erected upon its inner edge. This wall was adorned at regular interspaces, by square towers of white

marble—the lowest sixty—the highest one hundred and twenty cubits in height. But in the vicinity of the gate of Benjamin, the wall arose by no means immediately from the margin of the fosse. On the contrary, between the level of the ditch and the basement of the rampart, sprang up a perpendicular cliff of two hundred and fifty cubits—forming part of the precipitous Mount Moriah. So that when Simeon and his associates arrived on the summit of the tower called Adoni-Bezek—the loftiest of all the turrets around about Jerusalem, and the usual place of confidence with the besieging army—they looked down upon the camp of the enemy from an eminence excelling, by many feet, that of the pyramid of Cheops, and, by several, that of the Temple of Belus.

"Verily"—sighed the Pharisee, as he peered dizzily over the precipice—"the uncircumcised are as the sands by the sea-shore—as the locusts in the wilderness! The valley of the King hath become the valley of Adommin."

"And yet"—added Ben-Levi—"thou canst not point me out a Philistine—no, not one—from Aleph to Tau—from the wilderness to the battlements—who seemeth any bigger than the letter Jod!"

"Lower away the basket with the shekels of silver!"—here shouted a Roman soldier in a hoarse, rough voice, which appeared to issue from the regions of Pluto—"lower away the basket with that accursed coin, which it has broken the jaw of a noble Roman to pronounce! Is it thus you evince your gratitude to our master Pompeius, who, in his condescension, has thought, fit to listen to your idolatrous importunities? The god Phœbus, who is a true god, has been charioted for an hour—and were you not to be on the ramparts by sunrise? *Ædepo!* do you think that we, the conquerors of the world, have nothing better to do than stand waiting by the walls of every kennel, to traffic with the dogs of the earth? Lower away! I say—and see that your trumpery be bright in color, and just in weight!"

"El Elohim!" ejaculated the Pharisee, as the discordant tones of the centurion rattled up the crags of the precipice, and fainted away against the temple—El Elohim!—*who* is the god Phœbus?—*whom* doth the blasphemer invoke? Thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi! who art read in the laws of the Gentiles, and hast sojourned among them who dabble with the Teraphim!—is it Nergal of whom the idolater speaketh?—or Ashimah?—or Nibhaz?—or Tarkak?—or Adramalech?—or Anamalech?—or Succoth-Benoth?—or Dagon?—or Belial?—or Baal-Perith?—or Bael-Peor?—or Baal-Zebub?"

"Verily—it is neither—but beware how thou lettest the rope slip too rapidly through thy fingers—for should the wicker-work chance to hang on the projection of yonder crag, there will be a woful outpouring of the holy things of the sanctuary."

By the assistance of some rudely constructed machinery, the heavily-laden basket was now lowered carefully down among the multitude—and, from

the giddy pinnacle, the Romans were seen crowding confusedly around it—but owing to the vast height and the prevalence of a fog, no distinct view of their operations could be obtained.

A half-hour had already elapsed.

"We shall be too late," sighed the Pharisee, as at the expiration of this period he looked over into the abyss—"we shall be too late—we shall be turned out of office by the Katholims."

"No more"—responded Abel Phittim—"no more shall we feast upon the fat of the land—no longer shall our beards be odorous with frankincense—our loins girded up with fine linen from the Temple."

"Raca!" swore Ben-Levi—"Raca!—do they mean to defraud us of the purchase-money?—or, Holy Moses! are they weighing the shekels of the tabernacle?"

"They have given the signal at last"—cried the Pharisee—"they have given the signal at last!—pull away, Abel Phittim!—and thou, Buzi-Ben-Levi, pull away!—for verily the Philistines have either still hold upon the basket, or the Lord hath softened their hearts to place therein a beast of good weight!" And the Gizbarim pulled away, while their burthen swung heavily upwards through the still increasing mist.

* * * * *

"Booshoh he!"—as, at the conclusion of an hour, some object at the extremity of the rope be-

came indistinctly visible—"Booshoh he!"—was the exclamation which burst from the lips of Ben-Levi.

"Booshoh he!—for shame!—it is a ram from the thickets of Engedi, and as rugged as the valley of Jehosaphat!"

"It is a firstling of the flock,"—said Abel Phittim—"I know him by the bleating of his lips, and the innocent folding of his limbs. His eyes are more beautiful than the jewels of the Pectoral—and his flesh is like the honey of Hebron."

"It is a fatted calf from the pastures of Bashan"—said the Pharisee—"the heathen have dealt wonderfully with us—let us raise up our voices in a psalm—let us give thanks on the shawm and on the psaltery—on the harp and on the huggab—on the cytharn and on the sackbut."

It was not until the basket had arrived within a few feet of the Gizbarim, that a low grunt betrayed to their perception a *hog* of no common size.

"Now El Emanu!"—slowly, and with upturned eyes ejaculated the trio, as, letting go their hold, the emancipated porker tumbled headlong among the Philistines—"El Emanu!—God be with us!—it is the unutterable flesh!"

"Let me no longer," said the Pharisee, wrapping his cloak around him and departing within the city—"let me no longer be called Simeon, which signifieth 'he who listens,' but rather Boanerges, 'the son of Thunder.'"

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY. 1842.

Out on the waters, without sail or oar,
Boldly it launch'd. A flame within its breast
Impelled it to such feats, as wise men held
Incredible. Yet strangely on it went,
Furrowing old Hudson's tide, while wreaths of smoke
Above the palisaded Highlands curled.

"*Fire walks the water!*" said the moody chief
Of the red men, still keeping wonder down
With the strong arm of pride. But as it cut,
Panting and groaning, its laborious way,
Still belching flame,—from many a cultured field
And quiet farm-house, the Mynheers came forth,
Gazing with speechless awe, and the good vrows
Cast down the scrubbing-brush, or from the tub
Taking their half-webbed * fingers, dripping ran
To see the monster.

One distinguished man,
Held as an oracle, who seldom spoke
From Candlemas to Christmas, drew his pipe
From his pouched lips, and said,—in olden times
There was a mighty Dutchman, of his line,

* Some historian of the ancient Dutch dynasty asserts, that their domestic neatness was so perfect, and the females maintained it by such perpetual scouring and scrubbing that their hands, so constantly in water, became webbed like the claws of a duck.

Who had a pipe that reached from Scaghtacoke
Quite to the Mohawk, and its flame and smoke
Frightened the Yankees well. But since his death
They came like locusts up, and took the land,
And multiplied exceedingly. Perchance
That ancestor had risen again, to smoke
His monstrous pipe. And then he seized his own,
And grieving to have been thus long disjoined
From his chief joy, replenished it, and whiffed
With an unwonted vigor.

On it went,
That strange, dark being, pouring streams of fire
Into the startled flood. The finny race
Gathered in tribes, and their chief orators,
With strong gesticulation, spoke of change,
And usurpation, and unheard-of deeds,
And voted all should send a delegate
To the trout Congress, when it next convened
For wise deliberation on such things
As touch'd the public weal.

With dauntless course,
Still on it went, precursor of a race
That should defy the winds, and boldly throw
A gauntlet to old Neptune, and enforce
New laws, in spite of him, and swiftly bind
Earth's distant realms in closer brotherhood.